2.

A Faire Quarrell.

As it was Acted before the King
and diuers times publikely by the
Prince his Highnes Seruants.

Written
By *Thomas Midleton*
and *William Rowley*.. Gent.

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TO THE NOBLY DIS-

poſed, vertuous, and faithfull-breſt-

ed Robert Grey *Eſquire, one of the Grooms of* his Highneſſe Bed-Chamber, his poore Well-willer, wiſheth his *beſt wiſhes. Hic et Supra.*

Worthy Sir,

IT is but a Play, and a Play is but a Butt, againſt which many ſhoote many Arrowes of Enuy, 'tis the weaker Part, and how much more noble ſhall it be in you to defend it, yet if it be (as ſome Philoſophers haue left behind 'um) that this Megacoſme, this great world, is no more then a Stage, where euery one muſt act his part, you ſhall of neceſſity haue many partakers, ſome long, ſome ſhort, ſome indifferent, all ſome, whilſt indeed the Players themſelues haue

the leaſt part of it, for I know few that haue lands, (which are a part of the World) and therefore no grounded men, but howſoeuer they ſerue for mutes, happily they muſt weare good cloathes for attendance, yet all haue exits and muſt all be ſtript in the Tyring-houſe (viz, the graue) for none muſt carry any thing out of the ſtocke, you ſee Sir, I write as I ſpeak, & I ſpeak as I am, & thats excuſe enough for me. I did not meane to write an Epiſtle of praiſe to you, it lookes ſo like a thing, (I know) you loue not Flattery, which you exceedingly hate actiuely, and vnpleaſingly accept paſſiuely: indeed I meant to tell you your owne, that is, that this child of the Muſes is yours, who euer begat it, tis laid to your charge and (for ought I know) you muſt father and keepit too, if it pleaſe you, I hope you ſhall not bee aſhamd of it neither for it has beene ſeene (though I ſay it in good companies, and many haue ſaid it is a handſome pretty ſpoken infant, now be your owne iudge, at your leaſure looke on it, at your pleaſure laugh at it, and if you be ſorry it is no better you may be glad it is no bigger.

Yours euer.
William Rowley.

A Faire Quarrell.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter Maſter Ruſſell Solus.

Ruſſell:

IT muſt be all my care; theres all my loue,
And that pulls on the tother, had I beene left
In a ſonne behind me, while I had beene here
He ſhould haue ſhifted as I did before him;
Liu'd on the freeborne portion of his wit·
But a daughter, and that an onely one, oh?
We cannot be to carefull ore, to tender,
Tis ſuch a brittle niceneſs: a meere cubbord of glaſſes,
The leaſt ſhake breakes, or crakes em; all my aime is
To caſt her vpon riches: thats the thing
We richmen call perfection, for the world
Can perfect nought without it, 'tis not neatneſſe
Either in handſome wit; or handſome outſide
With which one gentleman (far indebt) has courted her
Which boldnes he ſhall rue. He thinkes me blind,
And ignorant, I haue let him play along time,
Seem'd to beleiue his worth; which I know nothing.
He may perhaps laugh at my eaſie confidence
Which cloſely I requite vpon his fondneſſe.
For this houre, ſnaps him: and before his Miſtris
His Saint forſooth, which he inſcribes my girle,
He ſhall be rudely taken and diſgract,
The trick will proue an euerlaſting Scarcrow,
To fright poore gallants from our rich-mens daughters,

Enter the Lady Ager, with two ſeruants.

Siſter? Iue ſuch a ioy to make you a well-come of,
Better you neuer taſted. *Lady*, Good ſir ſpare it not,

Ruff. *Colonells* come,& your ſon Captaine *Ager*;
Lady. My ſonne! ---*ſhe weepes:*
Ruff. I know your eye would be firſt ſeru'd,
Thats the ſoules taſter ſtill for griefe,or ioy,
Lady. Oh if a mothers deare ſuit may preuaile with him,
From England; he ſhall neuer part agen,
Ruff. No queſtion he'le be ruld, and grant you that,
Lady. Ile bring all my deſires to that requeſt.
Exeunt Lady and her Seruants.
Ruff. Affectionate ſiſter, ſhe ha's no daughter now
It followes all the loue muſt come to him,
And he has a worth deſerues it,were it dearer.
Enter a friend of the Colonells,and another of Captaine Agers.
Colo. Frien. I muſt not giue way too't,
Ruff. Whats here to queſtion,
Col. Frie. Compare young Captaine *Ager*,with the *Colonel*,
Cap. Fri. Yong? why, doe you make youth ſtand for an imputation: that which you now produce for his diſgrace,
Infers his noblenes,that being young
Should haue an anger more enclind to courage
And moderation then the *Colonell:*
A vertue as rare as chaſtety in youth.
And let the cauſe be good; (conſcience in him
Which euer crownes his acts,and is indeed,
Valours proſperity) he dares then as much,
As euer mad him famous that you pleade for;
Col: Frien. Then I forbeare to long.
Cap: Frien. His worth for me.
Ruff. Heres noble youths, belike ſome wench has croſt 'em,and now they know not what to doe with their blood.
Enter the Colonell and Captaine Agar.
Colo. How now!
Cap. Hold,hold,whats the incitement,
Colo. So ſerieus at your game, come, come, the quarrell,
Colo. frie. Nothing good faith ſir.
Colo. Nothing,and you bleed,

Col. frien.

Col. fri. Bleed, where, piſh, a little ſcratch by chance ſir,
Col: What need this nicenes, when you truly know ſo wel
That I muſt know theſe things, and truly know 'em,
Your daintines makes me but more impatient,
This ſtrange concealement frets me.
Col. fri. Words did paſſe
Which I was bound to anſwer, as my opinion
And loue inſtructed me, and ſhould I take in generall fame,
Into 'em, I thinke I ſhould commit no error in't,
Colo. What words ſir, and of whom,
Col fri. This gentleman.
Paralelld Captaine *Agers* worth with yours,
Colo. With mine.
Col. fri. It was a thing I could not liſten to
With any patience.
Capt. What ſhould aile you ſir,
There was little wrong done to your friend i'that,
Colo. How? little wrong, to me,
Capt. I ſaid ſo, friend.
And I ſuppoſe that you'le eſteeme it ſo;
Colo. Compatiſons?
Capt. Why ſir? twixt friend, and friend,
There is ſo euen and leuell a degree
It will admit of no ſuperlatiue.
Col: Not in termes of man-hood?
Ruff. Nay gentlemen,
Col. Good ſir giue mee leaue, in termes of manhood?
What can you diſpute more queſtionable?
You are a captaine ſir, I giue you all your due,
Cap. And you are a Colonell, a title
Which may include within it many captaines,
Yet ſir, but throwing by thoſe titular ſhaddows,
Which ad no ſubſtance to the men themſelues;
And take them vncompounded, man and man;
They may be ſo with faire equallity,
Colo. Y'are a boy ſir, *Ca.* And you haue a Beard ſir.
Virginity and marriage are both worthy,
And the poſitiue puritie there are ſome

Haue made the nobler.
Colo. How now? *Ruff.* Nay good ſir,
Cap. I ſhrinke not, he that goes the formoſt,
May be ouertaken.
Colo. Death, how am I weighd?
Cap. In an euen ballance ſir, a beard put in
Giues but a ſmall aduantage: man and man
And liſt the ſcales,
Colo. Patience ſhalbe my curſe
If it ride me further;
Ruff. How now Gallants?
Beleeue me then, I muſt giue aime no longer,
Can words beget ſwords and bring um forth, ha?
Come they are abortiue propagations;
Hide 'um for ſhame, I had thought Souldiers
Had bin muſicall; would not ſtrike out of time,
But to the conſort of Drum, Trumps and Fife.
Tis madman-like to daunce without muſique,
And moſt vnpleaſing ſhowes to the beholders,
A Lydian ditty to a Dorick note
Friends embrace with ſteele hands? fie, it meets to hard,
I muſt haue thoſe encounters heere debar'd,
Colo. Shall I looſe heere what I haue ſafe brought home
Through many dangers?
Capt. Whats that ſir?
Colo. My fame,
Life of the life, my reputation,
Death? I am ſquar'd and meaſur'd out, my heights
Depths, breadth, all my dimenſions taken,
Sure I haue yet beyond your Aſtralobe
A ſpirit vnbounded; *Cap.* Sir, you might weigh,
Ruff. Tuſh, all this is weighing fire, vaine & fruitles,
The further it runnes into argument
The further plung'd, beſeech you no more on't,
I haue a little claime, ſir, in your blood
As neare as the brother to your mother,
If that may ſerue for power to moue your quiet
The reſt I ſhall make vp with curteſie

And

And an Vncles loue. *Cap.* I haue done ſir, but
Ruff. But I'le haue no more ſhooting at theſe buts,
Colo: Wee'le to pricks, when he pleaſe,
Ruff. You roue all ſtill.
Sir, I haue no motiue proofe to diſgeſt
Your raiſd choller back into temperate blood,
But if you'le make mine age a counſellor
(As all ages haue hitherto allow'd it)
Wiſdome in men growes vp as yeares encreaſe,
You ſhall make me bleſſed in making peace,
And doe your iudgement right,
Colo. In peace at home
Gray hayres are Senators: but to determine
Soldiers and their actions;

Enter Fitz.allen and Iane.

Ruff. Tis peace heere ſir,
And ſee, heere comes a happy Interim,
Here enters now a Sceane of louing armes;
This couple will not quarrell ſo;
Colo. Fri. Be aduiſd, Sir,
This gentleman *Fitzallen* is your kinſman,
You may 'orethrow his long labord fortunes
With one angry minut, tis a rich churle
And this his ſole inheritrix, blaſt not
His hopes with this tempeſt,
Colo. It ſhall calme me,
All the townes coniurers and their *Damons*
Could not haue layd my ſpirit ſo,
Fitz. Worthy Cuz
I gratulate your faire returne to peace
Your ſwift fame was at home long before you;
Colo. It meetes (I hope) your hapy fortunes heere
And I am glad int, I muſt ſalute your ioyes, cuz,
With a ſoulders encounter *Kiſſes her.*
Fitz. Worthy Captaine *Ager*,
I hope my kinſman ſhortly,——
Ruff. You muſt come ſhort indeed,

Or the length of my deuiſe will be ill ſhrunke,
Why now it ſhowes finely, Ile tell you, ſir,
Sir, nay ſonne, I know i'th end, twill be ſo,
Fitz. I hope ſo, ſir,
Ruff. Hope? nay tis paſt all hope, ſonne,
Heere has beene ſuch a ſtormy incounter,
Betwixt my cozen Captaine and this braue Colonell
About I know not what, nothing indeed,
Competitions, degrees and comparatiues
Of Soldierſhip: but this ſmooth paſſage
Of loue has calm'd it all, come Ile hau't ſound,
Let me ſee your hearts combined in your hands,
And then I will beleeue the league is good,
It ſhall be the grapes if we drinke any blood.
Colo. I haue no anger ſir,
Capt. I haue had none,
My blood has not yet roſe to a quarrell,
Nor haue you had cauſe,
Colo. No cauſe of quarrell?
death? if my father ſhould tell me ſo: *Ruff.* agen?
Fitz. Good ſir, for my ſake,
Colo. Faith, I haue done, Cuz,
You doe too haſtily beleeue mine anger,
And yet to ſay, deminiting vallour
In a ſoldier is no cauſe of quarrell.
Ruff. Nay then Ile remoue the cauſe to kil th'effect,
Kinſman, Ile preſſe you too't, if either loue
Or conſanguinity may moue you too't,
I muſt diſarme you, though yeare a ſoldier,
Pray grant me your weapon, it ſhall be ſafe
At your regreſſe from my houſe, now I know
No words can moue this noble ſoldiers ſword
To a man vndefenc't ſo, we ſhall parle,
And ſafely make all perfect friends agen,
Colo. To ſhew my will ſir, accept mine to you,
As good not weare it as not dare to vſe it.
Colo friend. Nay then ſir, we will be all exampled,
Wee'le haue no Armes heere now but louers armes.

Capt friend.

Capt. friend. No ſeconds muſt begin a quarrell,
Take mine ſir.

Ruff. Why Law, what a fine Sun ſhines heere? theſe
clouds my breath has blowne into another Climate,
Ile be your armourers, they are not paun'd,
Theſe were the fiſh that I did angle for,
I haue caught 'vm finely, now for my trick,
My proiect's luſty, and will hit the nick. *Exit with weapons.*

Colo. What iſt a match beauty? I would now haue,
Aliance with my worthy Captaine *Ager*,
To knit our loues the faſter; heeres witnes
Enough if you confirme it now.

Iane. Sir my voyce,
Was long ſince giuen, ſince that I gaue my hand,

Colo. Would you had ſeald too,

Iane. That wiſh comes too late,
For I too ſoone feare my deliuery: (*aſide.*)
My fathers hand ſtickes yet ſir, you may now
Challenge a lawfull intereſt in his,
Hee tooke your hand from your enraged blood,
And gaue it freely to your oppoſite
My Cozen *Ager*, me thinks you ſhould claime from him,
In the leſſe quality of calmer blood,
To ioyne the hands of two diuided friends,
Euen theſe two that would offer willingly
Their owne embrace.

Capt. friend. Troth, ſhe inſtructs you well
Colonell: and you ſhall doe a louers part
worth one braue act of vallour.

Colo. VVhy, I did
miſdoubt no ſcruple, is there doubt in it?

Fitz. Faith ſir, delaies, which at the leaſt are doubts,
But heeres a conſtant reſolution fixt,
VVhich we wiſh willingly he would accord to,

Colo. Tuſh he ſhall doo't, I will not be denyed,
Hee owes me ſo much in the recompence
of my reconcilement, Captaine *Ager*
You will take our parts againſt your vncle

In this quarrell?

Ager. I ſhall doe my beſt, ſir,
Two denialls ſhall not repulſe me, I loue
Your worthy kinſman and wiſh him mine, I know
He doubts it not. *Colo.* See, hee's returnd.

Enter Ruſſell and a Seruant.

Ruſſ. Your qu.
Be ſure you keep it, 'twill be ſpoken quickly.
Therefore watch it. *Colo.* Lets ſet on him all at once.
Omnes, Sir, we haue a ſute to you.
Ruſſ. What! all at once. *Omnes.* All, all, ifaith, ſir.
Ruſſ. On ſpeaker may yet deliuer, ſay, ſay,
I ſhall not dare to ſtand out againſt ſo many,
Colo. Faith ſir heeres a brabling matter hangs on demurre,
I make the motion for all, without a fee
Pray you let it be ended this terme,
Ruſſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Thats the raſcall's qu, and he has miſt in *a ſide.*
What is it? what is it ſir?
Colo. Why ſir, here's a man;
And heer's a woman; y'are ſcholler good enough,
Put 'am togither; and tell me what it ſpells,
Ruſſ. Ha, ha, ha, theres his qu once agen,

Enter Seruant.

Oh hee's come, humh:
Seru. My maiſter laughes, that's his qu to miſchiefe,
Col. What ſay you, ſir
Seru. Sir. *Ruſſ.* Ha? what ſay you ſir?
Seru. Sir, theres a couple deſire ſpeedily to ſpeake with you.
Ruſſ. A couple ſir, of what, hounds, or horſes?
Seru. Men ſir, gentlemen or yeomen, I know not which;
But the one ſure they are
Ruſſ. Haſt thou no other deſcription of th em.
Seru. They come with commiſſion, they ſay, ſir to taſt of your earth: if they like it, they'le turne it into gunpouder.
Ruſſ. Oh, they are Salt-peetermen, before mee
And they bring commiſsion: the kings power indeed,

They

They muſt haue entrance, but the knaues will be brib'd,
Theres all the hope we haue in Officers,
They were too dangerous in a common wealth,
But that they will be very well corrupted, neceſſary varlets,
Seru: Shall I enter in ſir?
Ruſſ. By all faire meanes ſir.
And with all ſpeed ſir, giue vm very good words,
To ſaue my ground vnrauiſht, vnbroke vp,
Mines yet a virgin earth: the worme hath not beene ſeene,
To wriggle in her chaſt bowells: and Ide be loth
A Gunpowder fellow ſhould deflowre her now.
Colo. Our ſuit is yet delayd by this meanes ſir,
Ruſſ. Alas I cannot help it, theſe fellowes gone
(As I hope I ſhall diſpatch vm quickly)
A few Articles ſhall conclude your ſuite,
Who? Mr. *Fitzallen*: the onely man
That my adoption aymes at. *Colo.* Theres good hope then.

Enter two Sergeants in diſguiſe.

1. *Ser.* Saue you, ſir,
Ruſſ. You are welcome ſir for ought I know yet,
2. *Ser.* We come to take a view and taſt of your ground, ſir,
Ruſſ. I had rather feed you with better meat, Gentlemen,
But doe your pleaſures, pray:
1. This is our pleaſures, we arreſt you, ſir, in the Kings name
Fitz. Ha! at whoſe ſuite? *Ruſſ.* Howe's that?
Colo. Our weapons, good ſir furniſh vs. *Iane.* Aye me,
Ruſſ. Stay ſtay, Gentlemen, lets enquire the cauſe,
It may be but a triſle, a ſmall debt,
Shall need no reſcew heere.
2. Sir betwixt three Creditors: Mr. *Leach*, Mr. *Swallow*, and Mr. *Boneſuck*, the debts are a thouſand pounds.
Ruſſ. A thouſand pounds?
Beſhrow me a good mans ſubſtance.
Colo. Good ſir our weapons weele teach theſe varlets to walke in their owne parti-coulour'd Coates, that they may be diſtinguiſh't from honeſt men.
1. *Ser.* Sir, attempt no reſcue, hee's our priſoner, you'le make the danger worſe by violence.

Colo. A plague vpon your Gunpowder treaſon;
Yee quicke damb'd Varlets, is this your ſalt peter prooving,
Your taſting earth, would you might neuer feede better,
Nor none of yout Catchpole tribe:
Our weapons good ſir, weele yet deliuer him.
Ruſſ. Pardon me ſir,
I dare not ſuffer reſcue heere,
At leaſt not by ſo great an acceſſarie
As to furniſh you; had you had your weapons,
But to ſee the Ill fate on't, my fine wicke Iſaith,
Let Beggers beware to loue Richmens Daughters,
I le teach 'um the new morrice, I learn't it
My ſelfe of another careful Father.
Fitz. May *I* not be bayld?
2. *Ser.* Yes, but not with ſwords,
Colo. Slaues, heere are ſufficent men;
1. *Ser.* *I* ith field,
But not in the Citty, ſir, if this Gentleman
Will be one, wee'le eaſily admit the ſecond.
Ruſſ. Who *I*? ſir, pray pardon me, *I* am wrongd,
Very much wrongd in this, *I* muſt needs ſpeake it,
Sir, you haue not dealt like an honeſt Louer,
With me nor my child, heere you boaſte to mee
Of a great reuenew, a large ſubſtance
Wherein you would endow & ſtate my daughter,
Had *I* miſt this, my opinion yet
Thought you a frugall man, to vnderſtand,
The ſure wardes againſt all neceſſities,
Boldly to defend your wife and Family,
To walke vnmuffled, dreadleſſe of theſe fleſhhookes,
Euen in the daring'ſt ſtreets through all the Citty,
But now *I* find you a looſe Prodigall,
A large vnthrift, a whole thouſand pound?
Come from him girle, his inſide is not ſound?
Fitz. Sir *I* am wronged,
Theſe are malitious plots,
Of ſome obſcure enemies that *I* haue,
Theſe debts are none of mine,
Ruſſ. *I* all ſay ſo,

Perhaps

Perhaps you ſtand ingag'd for other men,
If ſo you doe, you muſt then cal't your owne,
The like arrerage doe I run into
Should I baile you; But I haue vow'd againſt it,
And I will keepe my vowes: that's religious.
Fitz. All this is nothing ſo ſir.
Ruff. Nothing ſo?
By my faith it is ſir, my vowes are firme,
Fitz. I neither owe theſe debts,
Nor engag'd for others.
Ruff. The eaſier is your liberty regain'd,
Theſe appeare proofes to me,
Colo. Liberty ſir?
I hope youle not ſee him goe to Priſon,
Ruff. I do not meane to beare him company
So far: but Ile ſee him out of my doores,
Oh ſir, let him goe to Priſon, 'tis a Schoole
To tame wild bloods, heele be much better fort,
Colo. Better for lying in Priſon,
Ruff. In priſon,
Beleeue it many an honeſt man lies in priſon,
Elſe all the keepers are knaues,
They told me ſo themſelues.
Col. Sir, I doe now ſuſpect you haue betraid him,
And vs to cauſe vs to be weaponleſſe,
If it be ſo y'are a blood ſucking Churle,
One that was born in a great froſt, when charity
Could not ſtir a finger, and you ſhall dye
In heate of a burning feauer i'th Dog. dayes,
To begin your hell to you, I haue ſaid your grace for you,
Now get you to ſupper as ſoone as you can,
Pluto the Maiſter of the houſe is ſet already,
Cap. Sir you doe wrong mine Vncle.
Colo Poxe on your Vncle,
And all his kin, if my Kinſman mingle
No blood with him.
Capt. Y'are a foule mouthd fellow,
Colo. Foule mouth'd I will be, th'art the ſon of a whore,

Capt. Ha! Whore! plagues and furies Ile thruſt that backe,
Or pluck thy heart out after, ſonne of a whore?
Colo. On thy life Ile proue it.
Capt. Death I am naked,
Vncle, Ile giue you my left hand, for my ſword,
To arme my right with; Oh this fire wil flame me
Into preſent aſhes,
Colo. Sir, giue vs Weapons,
We aske our owne, you will not rob vs of them?
Ruff. No ſir, but ſtill reſtraine your furies heere,
At my dore Ile giue you them, nor, at this time
My Nephewes, a time will better ſuit you,
And I muſt tell you ſir, you haue ſpoke ſwordes,
And 'gainſt the law of armes poyſon'd the blades
And with them wounded the reputation
Of an vnblemiſht woman: would you were out of my dores.
Colo. Poxe on your dores, and let it run all your houſe ore,
Giue me my ſword.
Capt. We ſhall meet *Colonel*?
Colo. Yes better prouided, to ſpur thee more,
I do repeat my words Son of a Whore. *Exit with his friend.*
Capt. fr. Come ſir, 'tis no worſe then 'twas:
You can doe nothing now. *Exit Capt. and his friend.*
Ruff. No, Ile bar him now, away with that begger, *Exit.*
Iane. Good ſir, let this perſwade you for two minutes ſtay,
At this priſe (I know) you can wait all day.
1. *Ser.* You know the Remora that ſtayes our ſhip alwaies.
Iane. Your ſhip ſinkes many when this hold lets goe,
Oh my *Fitzallen* what is to be done,
Fitz. To be ſtill thine is all my part to be,
Whether in freedome or captiuity,
Iane. But art thou ſo ingag'd as this pretends?
Fitz. By heau'n, ſweet *Iane* 'tis all a helliſh plot
Your cruell ſmiling father all this while,
Has candied o're a bitter pill for me,
Thinking by my remoue to plant ſome other,
And then let goe his fangs.

Iane

Iane. Plant ſome other?
Thou haſt too firmely ſtampt me for thine owne,
Euer to be raſt out, I am not currant
In any others hand; I feare too ſoone
I ſhall diſcouer it.
Fitz. Let come the worſt,
Binde but this knot with an vnlooſed line,
I will be ſtill thine owne.
Iane. And Ile be thine.
1. *Ser.* My watch has gone two minutes M.
Fitz. It ſhall not be renew'd, I goe ſir, farewell.
Ia. Farewell, wee both are priſon'd, though not togeither:
But heers the difference in our luckeleſſe chance.
I feare mine owne, with thy deliuerance.
Fitz. Our hearts ſhall hourely viſit, ile ſend to thee, *Exit*
Then tis no priſon where the mind is free. *Fitz. with Officers*

Enter Ruſſell.

Ruſſ. So, let him goe, now wench I bring thee ioyes,
A faire ſun-ſhine after this angry ſtorme:
It was my pollicie to remoue this begger:
What ſhall rich men wed their onely daughters
To two faire ſuites of cloathes? and perhaps yet
The poore Taylor is vnpaid; no, no my girle,
I haue a lad of thouſands comming in;
Suppoſe he haue more wealth then wit to guid it:
Why, theres thy gaines, thou kep'ſt the keies of all
Diſpoſeſt all: and for generation,
Man does moſt ſildome ſtampe 'um from the braine,
Wiſemen begets fooles, and fooles are the fathers
To many wiſe Children. *Hyſteron, Proteron,*
A great ſcholler may beget an Ideot,
And from the plow tayle may come a great ſcholler:
Nay, they are frequent propogations.
Iane. I am not well, ſir.
Ruſſ. Haſt not well my girle?
Thou ſhalt haue a Phyſitian then,
The beſt that gold can fetch vpon his footecloath,
Thou knoweſt my tender pitty to thee euer,

VVant nothing that thy wiſhes can inſtruct thee
To call for, 'fore mee, and thou look'ſt halfe ill indeed,
But *I*le bring one within a day to thee
Shall rouſe thee vp: for hees come vp already,
One M. *Chaugh* a Corniſh Gentleman:
Ha's as much land of his owne fee-ſimple,
As a Crow can flie ouer in halfe a day:
And now *I* thinke on't, at the Crow at Algate
His lodging is. He ſhall ſo ſtir thee vp,
Come, come, be cheard, thinke of thy preferment,
Honour and attendance, theſe wil bring thee health
And the way to 'um is to clime by wealth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Captaine Ager.

Capt. The Sonne of a VVhore?
There is not ſuch another murdring piece
*I*n all the ſtocke of Calumny: it kils
At one report two reputations,
A mothers and a Sonnes: if it were poſſible
That ſoules could fight after the bodies fell,
This were a quarrell for 'em; he ſhould be one indeed
That neuer heard of heauens ioyes or hels torments
To fight this out: *I* am too full of conſcience,
Knowledge and patience, to giue *I*uſtice too't,
So carefull of my Eternity, which conſiſts
Of vpright actions: that vnleſſe I knew
*I*t were a truth *I* ſtood for, any Coward
Might make my breaſt his footepace, & who liues
That can aſſure the truth of his conception,
More then a mothers carriage makes it hopefull.
And i'ſt not miſerable valour then,
That man ſhould hazard all vpon things doubtfull?
Oh ther's the cruelty of my foes aduantage,

Could

Could but my ſoule reſolue my cauſe were iuſt,
Earth's mountaine, nor ſeas ſurge ſhould hide him from mee,
Ee'ne to hells threſhold would *I* follow him,
And ſee the ſlanderer in before *I* left him,
But as it is it feares me, and *I* neuer
Appeard too conſcionably iuſt till now:
My good opinion of her life and Vertues,
Bids me goe on: and faine would I be ruld by't,
But when my iudgement tels me ſhees but woman,
Whoſe frailety let in death to all mankinde,
My valour ſhrinkes at that, certaine ſhees good,
There onely wants but my aſſurance in't,
And al things thē were perfect, how I thirſt for't,
Heere comes the onely ſhee that could reſolue,
But 'tis too vild a queſtion to demand indeed.

Enter the Lady Ager.

La. Sonne I'ue a ſuite to you.
Capt. That may doe well.
To me good Madame, you're moſt ſure to ſpeed in't.
Beet i'my power to grant it,
La. Tis my loue
Makes the requeſt, that you would neuer parte
From England more,
Capt. With all my heart tis graunted,
I'me ſure Ime i'th way neuer to part from't,
La. Where left you your deare friend the *Colonell?*
Capt. Oh, the deare *Colonell*, I ſhould meete him ſoone,
La. Oh faile him not then, hees a Gentleman
The fame and reputation of your time
Is much engadg'de to.
Capt. Yes, and you knew all mother.
La. I thought I'de knowne ſo much of his faire goodnes,
More could not haue bin look't for.
Capt. O yes, yes Madam.
And this his laſt exceeded all the reſt.
La. For gratitudes ſake let me know this, I pre thee.
Capt. Then thus, and I deſire your cenſure freely,
Whether it appeard not a ſtrange noble kindnes in him.

Lady. Truſt me I long to hear't,
Capt. You know hees haſty,
That by the way.
Lady. So are the beſt conditions,
Your Father was the like.
Capt. I begin now
To doubt me more, why am not I ſo too then,
Blood followes blood through forty generations,
And I'ue a ſlow pac't wrath, a ſhrewd *Dilemma*,
Lady. Well, as you were ſaying ſir,
Capt. Marry thus good Madame,
There was in company a foule mouth'd villaine, ſtay, ſtay,
Who ſhould I liken him to, that you haue ſeene,
He comes ſo neere one that I would not match him with,
Faith iuſt a'th Colonels pitch, hees nere the worſe man,
Vſerers haue bin compard ro Magiſtrates,
Extortiners to Lawyers, and the like,
But they all proue nere the worſe men for that,
Lady. Thats bad enough, they need not,
Capt. This rude fellow,
A ſhame to all humanity or manners,
Breaths from the rottenes of his gall and mallice,
The fouleſt ſtaine that euer mans fame blemiſht,
Part of which fell vpon your honor Madame,
VVhich heighthend my affliction.
Lad. Mine? my honor ſir?
Capt. The Colonel ſoone inrag'd,
(As hee's all touch-wood)
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrell his,
Appoynts the Field, my wrath could not be heard
His was ſo high pitcht, ſo glorioufly mounted,
Now whats the friendly feare, that fights within mee,
Should his braue noble Fury vndertake,
A cauſe that were vniuſt in our defence,
And ſo to looſe him euerlaſtingly,
In that darke depth where all bad quarrells ſinke,
Neuer to riſe againe, what pitty twere,
Firſt to dye heere and neuer to dye there.

Lady

Lady. Why whats the quarrel, ſpeake ſir: that ſhould raiſe
Such fearefull doubt, my honour bearing part on't:
The words what ere they were: *Capt.* Son of a whore.
La. Thou lyeſt, & were my loue ten thouſand times more
Which is as much now, as ere mothers was, (to thee,
So thou ſhouldſt feele my anger. Do'ſt thou call
That quarrel doubtfull; where are all my merites, *Strikes*
Not one ſtand vp to tell this man his error. *him.*
Thou might'ſt as well bring the Sun's truth in queſtion,
As thy birth or my honour.
Capt. Now bleſſings crown you for't,
It is the ioyful'ſt blow that ere fleſh felt.
Lady. Nay ſtay, ſtay ſir, thou art not left ſo ſoone,
This is no queſtion to be ſlighted of,
And at your pleaſure cloſde vp fayre agen,
As though you'de neuer toucht it, no honour doubted,
Is honour deepely wounded, and it rages
More then a common ſmart, being of thy making.
For thee to feare my truth, it kils my comfort,
Where ſhould fame ſeeke for her reward, when he
That is her owne by the great tye of bloud,
Is fardeſt of in bounty, O poore goodnes!
That onely pay'ſt thy ſelfe with thy owne works,
For nothing elſe looks towards thee. Tell me pray,
Which of my louing cares doſt thou requite
With this vilde thought? which of my prayers or wiſhes?
Many thou oweſt me for, this ſeauen year haſt thou known
A widdow, onely married to my vow: (me
Thats no ſmall witneſſe of my faith and loue
To him that in life was thy honord Father,
And liue I now to know that good miſtruſted.
Capt. No, t'ſhall appeare that my beliefe is chereſull,
For neuer was a mothers reputation
Noblyer defended, tis my ioy and pride,
I haue a firme to beſtow vpon it.
Lady. Whats that you ſaid ſir?
Capt. 'Twere too bold, and ſooneyet

To craue forgiueneſſe of you. I will earne it firſt,
Dead or aliue, I know I ſhall enioy it.
Lady. Whats all this for?
Capt. My ioyes beyond expreſſion:
I do but thinke how wretched I had been,
Were this anothers quarrell, and not mine.
Lady. Why, is it yours?
Capt. Mine! Thinke me not ſo miſerable,
Not to be mine: then were I worſe then abiect,
More to be loathde then vilenes; or ſins dunghill:
Not did I feare your goodnes (faithfull Madame)
But came with greedy ioy to be confirmde in't,
To giue the nobler onſet, then ſhines valour,
And admiration from her fix't Sphere drawes,
When it comes burniſht with a righteous cauſe,
Without which I'me ten fadomes vnder coward,
That now am ten degrees aboue a man,
VVhich is but one of vertues eaſieſt wonders.
Lady. But pray ſtay; all this while I vnderſtood (you,
The Colonel was the man.
Capt. Yes, hee's the man,
The man of iniury, reproach and ſlander,
Which I muſt turne into his ſoule again.
Lady. The Colonell doo't, thats ſtrange.
Capt. The villaine did it:
Thats not ſo ſtrange;----your bleſſing and your (leaue
Lady. Come, come, you ſhall not goe.
Capt. Not goe; were death
Sent now to ſummon me to my Eternity,
I'de put him off an howre: why the whole world
Ha's not chains ſtrong inough to bind me from't:
The ſtrongeſt is my Reuerence to you,
VVhich if you force vpon me in this caſe;
I muſt be forc'ſt to breake it.
Lady. Stay I ſay. (Madame.
Capt. In any thing commaund me but in this
La. Laſſe, I ſhall looſe him, you'le heare me firſt.

Capt. At my returne I will.
Lady. Youl'e neuer heare me more then.
Capt. How?
Lady. Come backe I ſay:
You may well thinke theres cauſe I call ſo often.
Capt. Hah, cauſe! what cauſe?
Lady. So much, you muſt not goe.
Capt. How?
Lady. You muſt not goe.
Capt. Muſt not, why?
Lady. I know a reaſon for't,
VVhich I could wiſh you'd yeeld to, & not know
If not, it muſt come forth. Faith, do not know,
And yet obey my will.
Capt. Why I deſire
To know no other then the cauſe I haue,
Nor ſhould you wiſh it, if you take your iniury
For one more great, I know the world includes not.
Lady. Yes, one that makes this nothing, --yet be rulde,
And if you vnderſtand not, ſeeke no further.
Capt. I muſt, for this is nothing.
Lady. Then take all,
And if amongſt it you receiue that ſecret
That will offend you, though you condemn mee,
Yet blame your ſelfe a little, for perhaps
I would haue made my reputation ſound
Vpon an others hazard with leſſe pitty;
But vpon yours I dare not.
Capt. How?
Lady. I dare not,
'Twas your owne ſeeking; this.
Capt. If you meane euilly
I cannot vnderſtand you, nor for all the riches
This life has, would I. *La.* would you neuer might.
Capt. Why, your goodnes, that I ioy to fight for.
Lady. In that you neither right your ioy nor me.
Capt. What an ill Orator has vertue got here?

Why, ſhal I dare to thinke it a thing poſſible
That you were euer falſe?
Lady. Oh fearefully!
As much as you come to.
Capt. Oh ſilence, coner me.
Yue felt a deadlier wound then man can giue me, falſe?
Lady. I was betraide to a moſt ſinfull howre
By a corrupted ſoule I put in truſt once,
A Kinſwoman.
Capt. Where is ſhee? let me pay her.
Lady. Oh, dead long ſince.
Capt. Nay then ſh'as all her wages:
Falſe, do not ſay't, for honors goodnes doe not,
You neuer could be ſo, he I calde Father,
Deſerud you at your beſt, when youth & merit
Could boaſt at higheſt in you, y'ad no gtace,
Or vertue that he matcht not, no delight
That you inuented but he ſent it crownde
To your full wiſhing ſoule.
Lady. That heapes my guiltineſſe.
Cap. Oh, were you ſo vnhappy to be falſe,
Both to your ſelfe and me, but to me chiefly,
What a dayes hope is here loſt, and with it
The ioyes of a iuſt cauſe. Had you but thought
On ſuch a noble quarrell, you'd ha dyed
Ere you'd ha yeelded, for the ſins hate firſt,
Next for the ſhame of this howres cowardize:
Curſt be the heate that loſt me ſuch a cauſe,
A worke that I was made for. Quench my ſpirit,
And out with honors flaming lights within thee:
Be darke and dead to all reſpects of manhood,
I neuer ſhall haue vſe of valour more;
Put off your vow for ſhame, why ſhould you hoarde vp
Such Iuſtice for a barren widdowhood,
That was ſo iniurious to the faith of wedlocke. *Exit Lady.*
I ſheuld be dead, for all my lifes works ended,
I dare not fight a ſtroke now, nor engadge

The

The noble reſolution of my friends,

Enter two friends of Captaine Agers.

That were more vilde. Their here, kill me my ſhame,
I am not for the fellowſhip of honour.

1. *Friend.* Captaine, fie come ſir, we haue been ſeeking for you
very late to day, this was not wont to be,
Your enemies ith field,

Capt. Truth enters cheerefully.

2 *Friend.* Good faith ſir y'aue a royall quarrell on't,

Capt. Yes, in ſome other Country, *Spaine* or *Italy*.
It would be held ſo.

1 *Friend.* How, and iſt not here ſo?

Capt. Tis not ſo contumeliouſly receiu'd
In theſe parts, and you marke it,

1 *Friend.* Not in theſe?
Why prithee what is more, or can be?

Capt. Yes,
That ordinary Commotioner the lye
Is Father of moſt quarrels in this Clymate,
And held here capitall, and you go to that.

2. *Fr.* But ſir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your owne for it, *Sonne of a Whore*,
Why theres the Lye downe to poſterity.
The lye to brithe, the lye to honeſty,
Why would you cuſſen your ſelfe ſo, and beguile
So braue a cauſe, Manhoods beſt Maſter peece,
Doe you euer hope for one ſo braue agen.

Capt. Conſider then the man Colonell,
Exactly worthy, abſolutely noble,
How euer ſpleene and rage abuſes him:
And tis not wel, nor manly to purſue
A mans infirmity.

1 *Friend.* O miracle!
So hopefull, valiant and compleate a Captaine,
Poſſeſt with a tame deuill, come out, thou ſpoileſt
The moſt improude young ſouldier of ſeuen kingdoms,
Made Captaine at nineteene, which was deſerude

The yeare before, but honor comes behind ſtill,
Come out I ſay, this was not wont to be,
That ſpirit neuer ſtood in need of prouocation,
Nor ſhall it now. Away ſir.
Capt. Vrge me not.
1. *F.* By Manhoods reuerend honor but we muſt.
Capt. I will not fight a ſtroake.
1. *Friend.* O blaſphemy
To ſacred valour!
Capt. Leade me where you liſt.
1. *Friend.* Pardon this trayterous ſlumber, clogd with e-
Giue Captaines rather wiues then ſuch tame diuels. uils.

Exeunt.

Scena. 2.

Enter Phyſitian and Iane.

Ph. Nay Mother, you muſt not be couer'd to me,
The Patient muſt ope to the Phyſitian
All her deareſt ſorrowes: Art is blinded elſe,
And cannot ſhew her miſticall effects.
Iane. Can Art be ſo dimſighted, learned ſir?
I did not thinke her ſo incapacious:
You traine me (as I gueſſe) like a Coniurer,
One of our fiue Oraculous wizards,
who from the helpe of his Examinant,
By the neare gueſſe of his ſuſpition
Appoints out the thiefe by the marks he tels him:
Haue you no skill in Phiſiognomie?
what colour (ſayes your coat) is my diſeaſe?
I am vnmarried, and it cannot be yellow,
If it be Mayden greene, you cannot miſſe it.
Phiſ. I cannot ſee that *vacuum* in your bloud:
But Gentlewoman, if you loue your ſelfe,
Loue my aduiſe, be free and plaine with me,
where lyes your griefe?
Iane. Where lyes my griefe indeed?
I cannot tell the truth where my griefe lyes,
But my Ioy's impriſon'd. *Phiſ.* This is miſticall.
Ian. Lord, what plaine queſtions you make problemes of,

Your

Your Artis ſuch a regular high way
That put you out of it, and you are loſt:
My heart is impriſon'd in my body, ſir:
Theres all my ioy, and my ſorrow too
Lyes very neere it.
Phyſ. They are bad adiuncts,
Your ioy and griefe lying ſo neare together,
Can propagate no happy iſſue, remoue
The one (and let it be the worſt) your griefe,
If youl'e propoſe the beſt vato your ioy.
Iane. why, now comes your skill: what phyſicke for it?
Phyſ. Now I haue found you out, you are in loue.
Iane. I thinke I am, what your appliance now?
Can all your Paracelſian mixtures cure it,
'Tmuſt be a Surgeon of the Ciuill Law,
I feare that muſt cure me.
Phi. Gentlewoman,
If you knew well my heart, you would not bee
So circuler, the very common name
Of Phyſitian might reproue your nicenceſſe,
wee are as ſecret as your Confeſſors,
And as firme oblig'd, tis a fine like death
For vs to blab.
Iane. I will truſt you, yet ſir,
I had rather doe it by Atturney to you,
I elſe haue bluſhes that will ſtop my tongue
Haue you no friend ſo friendly as your ſelfe
Of mine owne Sexe, to whom I might impart
My ſorrowes to you at the ſecond hand.
Phi. why law, there I hit you, & be confirmde,
Ile giue you ſuch a boſome counſellour,
That your own tong ſhall be ſooner falſe to you,
Make your ſelfe vnready, and be naked to her:
Ile fetch her preſently. *Exit Phyſitian.*
Iane. I muſt reueale
My ſhame will elſe take tongue, & ſpeake before
Tis a neceſſity impulſiue driues me: me,

Oh

Oh my hard fate. but my more hard father,
That Father of my fate, a father ſaid I?
What a ſtrange Paradoxe I run into,
I muſt accuſe two fathers of my fate
And fault, a reciprocall generation,
The father of my fault would haue repairde,
His faulty iſſue, but my Fates Father hinders it:
Then Fate and fault, where euer I begin,
I muſt blame both, and yet 'twas loue did ſinne.

Enter Phyſitian, and Anne his ſiſter.

Phy. Looke you Miſtres, heres's your cloſet put in,
What you pleaſe, you euer keep the key of it.
Iane. Let me ſpeake priuate, ſir.
Phy. Withall my heart,
I will be more then mine eares length from you.
Iane. You hold ſome indeared place with this Gent.
An. Hee's my brother forſooth, I his creature,
He does command me any lawfull office
Eyther in act or counſell.
Iane. I muſt not doubt you,
Your brother ha's proteſted ſecreſie,
And ſtrengthned me in you: I muſt lay ope
A guilty ſorrow to you: I am with child,
Tis no blacke Swan I ſhow you, theſe ſpots ſticke
Vpon the face of many goe for maides,
I that had face ynough to do the deed,
Cannot want tongue to ſpeake it: but tis to you,
Whom I accept my helper.
Anne. Miſtris, tis lock't
Within a Caſtle that's inuincible,
It is too late to wiſh it were vndone.
Ia. I haue ſcarce a wiſh within my ſelfe ſo ſtrong
For vnderſtand me, tis not all ſo ill,
As you may yet conceit it: this deed was done
VVhen heauen had witnes to the Iugall knot,

Onely

Onely the barren ceremonie wants.
Which by an aduerſe Father is abridged.
Anne. Would my pitty could helpe you.
Iane. Your counſell may.
My Father yet ſhootes wideſt from my ſorrow,
And with a care indulgent ſeeing me chang'd
From what *I* was, ſends for your good brother
To finde my griefe, and practiſe remedy:
You know it, giue it him, but if a fourth
Be added to this counſell: *I* will ſay
Ye'are worſe then you can call me at the worſt.
At this aduantage of my reputation.
Anne. *I* will reuiue a reputation,
That women long has loſt, ile keepe counſell,
Ile onely now oblige my teeth to you,
And they ſhall bite the blabber if it offer
To breath on an offending ſyllable. (Father.
Iane. I truſt you, go, whiſper, here comes my
Enter Ruſſell, Chawgh, and Trimtram.
Ruſſ. Sir. you are welcome, more, and moſt welcome,
All the degrees of welcome: thrice welcome ſir.
Chaw. Is this your daughter, ſir?
Ruſſ. Mine onely ioy, ſir.
Chaw. Ile ſhew her the Corniſh hug, ſir, --*I* haue kiſt you now ſweet heart, and *I* neuer doe any kindneſſe to my friendes, but I vſe to bitte 'am in the teeth with it preſently.
Trim. My name is *Trimtram* forſooth, looke what my maſter does, *I* vſe to doe the like.
Anne. You are deceiu'd, ſir, I am not this Gentlewomans ſeruant, to make your courteſie equall.
Chaw. You doe not know me Miſtreſſe.
Iane. No indeed, I doubt I ſhall learne too ſoone.
Chaw. My name is *Chawgh*, a Corniſh Gentleman, my mans mine owne countriman too yfaith: I warrant, you tooke vs for ſome of the ſmall *Iſlanders*.
Iane. *I* did indeed, betweene the *Scotch* and *Iriſh*.

Chaw. Red-ſhankes? I thought ſo by my truth, no truely, we are right Corniſh Diamonds.

Trim. Yes, we cut out quarrels, and breake glaſſes, where

Phiſ. If it be hidden from her Father, yet (wee goe.
His ignorance vnderſtands well his knowledge,
For this (I gueſſe) to be ſome rich coxcombe
Hee'de put vpon his daughter,

An. Thats plainely ſo.

Phyſ. Then only ſhee's beholding to out helpe
For the cloſe deliuery of her burden,
Elſe all's ouerthrowne.

An. And pray be faithfull in that ſir.

Phyſ. Tuſh, we Phyſitians are the trueſt
Alchymiſts, that from the *ore* and *droſſe* of ſinne,
Can new diſtill a Maydenhead agen.

Ruſſ. How doe you like her ſir?

Chaw. Troth I doe like her ſir in the way of compariſon to any thing that a man would deſire. I am as high as the Mount in loue with her already, and thats as far as I can go by land, but I hope to goe further by water with her one (day.

Ruſſ. I tell you ſir, ſhe has loſt ſome colour,
By wraſtling with a peeuiſh ſicknes now of late.

Chaw. Wraſtle? nay and ſhe loue wraſtling, Ile teach her a tricke to ouerthrow any peeuiſh ſicknes in *London*, what ere it be.

Ruſſ. Well, ſhe had a rich beauty though I ſay't,
Nor is it loſt: a little thing repayres it.

Chaw. Shee ſhall commaund the beſt thing that I haue in yfaith. (*Middleſex*,

Ruſſ. Well ſir, talke with her, giue her a reliſh
Of your good liking to her, you ſhall haue time
And free acceſſe to finiſh what you now begin,

Iane. What meanes my father? my loues vniuſt reſtraint,
My ſhame were it publiſhit, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious fooles:
Now I ſee why he hated my *Fitz-Allen*.

Chaw. Sweet Lady, your father ſayes you are a wraſtler,

if

if you loue that ſport, I loue you the better. Iſaith I loue it as well as I loue my meate after ſupper, tis indeed meate, drinke and cloth to me.

Iane. Me thinkes it ſhould teare your clothes, ſir.

Chaw. Not a rag yfaith: *Trimtram* hold my cloake,--Ile wraſtle a fall with you now, Ile ſhow you a tricke that you neuer ſaw in your life.

Iane. Oh good ſir forbeare, I am no wraſtler.

Phy. Good ſir take heed, you'le hurt the Gentlewoman.

Chaw. I will not catch beneath the waſte believe it, I know fayre play,

Iane. Tis no womans exerciſe in *London*, ſir.

Chaw. I'le nere believe that, the hug and the locke betweene man and woman, with a fayre fall, ſis as ſweete an exerciſe for the body, as you'l deſire in a ſommers euening.

Phy. Sir, the Gentlewoman is not well,

Chaw, It may be you are a Phyſitian, ſir.

Phyſ. Tis ſo, ſir.

Chaw. I ſay then, and ile ſtand too't, three ounces of wraſtling with two hippes, a yard of a greene gowne put togeather in the Intourne, is as good a medicine for the greene ſickneſſe as euer breathd.

Trim. Come ſir, take your cloake agen, I ſee here wil be nere a match.

Iane. A match? I'de rather bee matcht from a Muskets mouth, and ſhot vnto my death.

Chaw. Ile wraſtle with any man for a good ſupper.

Trim. I marry ſir, ile take your part there, catch that catch may.

Phy. Sir, ſhe is willing too't. There at my houſe,
She ſhall be priuate, and neare to my attendance,
I know you not miſtruſt my faithfull care,
I ſhall retutne her ſoone and perfectly.

Ruff. Take your charge ſir, go with this gentleman (*Iane*)
But prithee looke well this way, ere thou go'ſt,
'Tis a rich Simplicity of great Eſtate:
A thing that will be rul'd, and thou ſhalt rule,
Conſider of your ſexes generall ayme.

That domination is a womans heauen.

Iane. I'le thinke on't ſir.

Ruſſ. My daughter is retiring, ſir.

Chaw. I will part at *Dartmouth* with her, ſir, Oh that thou didſt but loue wraſtling, I would giue any man three foiles on that condition.

Trim. There's three ſorts of men that would thanke you for 'um, eyther Cutlers, Fencers, or Players.

Ruſſ. Sir as I began, I end, wondrous welcome.

Exit Ruſſ. Iane, Phyſ. An.

Trim. What, will you go to ſchoole to day? you are entred you know, and your quarterige runs on.

Chaw. What? to the roaring ſchoole? pox on't, 'tis ſuch a damnable noyſe, I ſhall neuer attaine it neyther: I doe wonder they haue neuer a Wraſtling Schoole, that were worth twenty of your fencing or dancing ſchooles.

Trim. Wel, you muſt learne to roare here in *London*, you'le neuer proceede in the reputation of Gallantrie elſe.

Chaw. How long ha's Roaring been an exerciſe, thinkeſt thou *Trimtram*.

Trim. Euer ſince Guns came vp, the firſt was your roaring

Ch. Meg? Then 'twas a woman was the firſt roarer: (*Meg*

Trim. I, a fire of her tuch-hole, 'that coſt many a proper mans life ſince that time: and then the Lyons they learn't it from the Guns, liuing ſo neare 'um, then it was heard to the Banckeſide, and the Beares they beganne to roare: then the boyes got it, and ſo euer ſince there haue beene a company of roaring boyes.

Chaw. And how long will it laſt, thinkeſt thou?

Trim. As long as the Water runs vnder *London* Bridge, or Watermen at *Weſtminſter* ſtayres.

Chaw. Well, I will beginne to roare too, ſince it is in faſhion. Oh *Corineus*, this was not in thy time, I ſhould haue heard on't by the tradition of mine Anceſtors (for I'me ſure there were *Chawghes* in thy dayes) if it had beene ſo, when *Hercules* and thou wert on the *Olimpicke* mount together, then was wraſtling in requeſt.

Trim.

Trim. I, and that Mount is now the Mount in *Cornwall*. *Corineus* brought it thither vnder one of his arms, they ſay.

Chaw. Oh *Corineus* my predeceſſor: that *I* had but liu'd in thoſe dayes to ſee thee wraſtle, on that condition *I* had dyed ſeuen yeare ago.

Trim. Nay, it ſhould haue been a dozen at leaſt, yfaith, on that condition. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Captaine Ager with his two friends.

Capt. Well, your wils now.

1. Our Wils? our Loues, our Duties
To honord Fortitude: What wils haue we
But our deſires to Noblenes and Merit?
Valours aduancement, and the ſacred Rectitude
Due to a valourous cauſe.

Capt. Oh, thats not mine.

2. War ha's his court of Iuſtice, that's the field,
Where all caſes of Manhood are determinde,
And your caſe is no meane one.

Capt. True, then 'twere vertuous:
But mine is in extreames, fowle and vniuſt:
Well, now y'aue got me hither, y'are as far
To ſeeke in your deſire, as at firſt minute:
For by the ſtrength and honour of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrell.

1. How? not in this? be not ſo raſh a ſinner:
Why ſir, doe you euer hope to fight agen then
Take heede on't, you muſt neuer looke for that,
Why the vniuerſall ſtocke of the Worlds iniury,
Will bee too poore to finde a quarrell for you:
Giue vp your right and title to deſert, ſir,
If you fayle vertue here, ſhee needes you not:
All your time after, let her take this wrong,
And neuer preſume then to ſerue her more:

Bid farewell to the integrity of armes,
And let that honourable name of Souldier
Fall from you like a ſhiuered wreath of Lawrell
By Thunder ſtrucke from a defertleſſe forehead,
That weares anothers right by vſurpation.
Good Captaine, do not wilfully caſt away
At one houre all the fame your life ha's won:
This is your natiue ſeate, here you ſhould ſeeke
Moſt to preſerue it, or if you will doate
So much on life (poore life) which in reſpect
Of life in honour is but death and darkneſſe
That you will proue neglectfull of your ſelfe,
Which is to me too fearefull to imagine,
Yet for that vertuous Ladies cauſe (your mother)
Her Reputation, deere to Nobleneſſe
As grace to penitence, whoſe fayre memory,
Een crowns fame in your iſſue, for that bleſſed-
Giue not this ill place, but in ſpite of hell, (neſs,
And all her baſe feares, be exactly valiant,

Capt. Oh-o-o

2 Why, well ſayd, thetes fayre hope in that,
Another ſuch a one.

Capt. Came they in thouſands?
Tis all againſt you.

1. Then poore friendleſſe merite,
Heauē be good to thee, thy profeſſor leaues thee:

Enter Colonell and his two friends.

Hee's comd, do but you draw, weele fight it for

Capt. I know too much to grant that. (you.

1. O dead manhood!
Had euer ſuch a cauſe ſo faynt a ſeruant?
Shame brand me if I do not ſuffer for him.

Colo. Iu'e heard ſir, ya'ae bin guilty of much boaſting,
For your braue earlines at ſuch a meeting,
Y'aue loſt the glory of that way this morning:
I was the firſt to day.

Capt, So were you euer.

In

In my reſpect ſir.

1. O moſt baſe *Praludium!*

Capt. I neuer thought on Victory our Miſtres
With greater reuerence then I haue your worth,
Nor euer lou'd her better.

1. Slight, I could knocke his braines about his heeles, mee thinkes.

2. Peace, prithee peace.

Capt. Succeſſe in you has beene my abſolute ioy, (ſhip.
And when I haue wiſht content, I haue wiſht your friend-
t. Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little,
Theres Lawyers bloud in't, you ſhal ſee foule geere ſtreight

2. Come you are as mad now, as hee's cowardous.

Col. I came not hither ſir for an *Encomium.*

1. No, the more Coxcombe he, that clawes the head
Of your vaine glory with't!

Col. I came prouided
For Stormes and Tempeſts, and the fowleſt Seaſon
That euer Rage let forth, or blew in wildneſſe
From the incenſed priſon of mans bloud.

Capt. Tis otherwiſe with me, I come with Mildneſſe,
Peace, conſtant Amity, and calme Forgiuenes,
The weather of a Criſtian and a friend.

1, Giue me a valiant Turke, though not worth ten pence,

Cap. Yet ſir, the world will iudge the iniury mine. (rather.
Inſufferable mine, mine beyond iniury,
Thouſands haue made a leſſe wrong reach to hel,
I, and reioyc'ſt in his moſt endleſſe vengeance,
(A miſerable triumph, though a iuſt one)
But when I call to memory our long friendſhip
Me thinkes it cannot be too great a wrong,
That then I ſhould not pardon, why ſhould man,
For a poore haſty ſyllable or two,
(And vented onely in forgetfull fury)
Cheine all the hopes and riches of his ſoule
To the reuenge of that, dye, loſt for euer:
For he that makes his laſt peace with his Maker

In

In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He muſt expect the ſame returne againe,
Whoſe venture is deceitfull. Muſt he not ſir?
Col. *I* ſee what *I* muſt do, fairely put vp agen:
For here'le be nothing done, *I* perceiue that.
Capt. What ſhall be done in ſuch a worthleſſe buſineſſe?
But to be ſorry, and to be forgiuen.
You ſir to bring repentance, and *I* pardon.
Col. *I* bring repentance ſir?
Capt. *I*f it be too much
To ſay Repentance: Call it what you pleaſe ſir:
Chuſe your owne word, I know you'r ſorry for't, and thats (as good.
Col. I ſorry? by fames honour, I am wrongd:
Doe you ſeeke for peace, and draw the quarrell larger?
Capt. Then tis: I me ſorry that I thought you ſo.
1. A Captaine, I could gnaw his title of.
Capt. Nor is it any misbecomming vertue, ſir,
In the beſt manlines to repent a wrong,
Which made me bold with you.
1. I could cuff his head off,
2. Nay: piſh.
1. Pox on him, I could eate his buttocke bak't me thinks.
Col. So, once agen take thou thy peacefull reſt then,
But as I put thee vp: I muſt proclaime
This Captaine here, both to his friends and mine,
That onely came to ſee fayre valour righted, *Offers to go*
A baſe ſubmiſſiue coward; ſo I leaue him. *away.*
Capt. Oh, heauen has pittied my exceſſiue patience,
And ſent me a cauſe: now I haue a cauſe:
A coward I was neuer: ---Come you backe ſir?
Col. How?
Cap. You left a coward here?
Col. Yes ſir, with you.
Cap. Tis ſuch baſe mettell ſir: 'twill not be taken,
It muſt home agen with you.
2 Should this be true now.
1. Impoſſible, coward do more then baſtard?

Col.

Col. I prethee mocke me not, take heed you do not,
For if I draw once more, I ſhall grow terrible,
And rage will force me doe what will grieue honour.
Capt. Ha, ha, ha.
Col. He ſmiles, dare it be he? what thinke you Gentlemē?
Your iudgements, ſhall I not be cuſſend in him?
This cannot be the man? why he was bookiſh,
Made an inuectiue lately againſt fighting,
A thing introth that mou'de a little with me,
Put vp a fowler contumely far
Then thouſand cowards came to, & grew thank-
Capt. Bleſſed remembrance in time of need? (full
I'de loſt my honour elſe.
1. Do you note his ioy?
Capt. I neuer felt a more ſeuere neceſſity,
Then came thy excellent pitty. Not yet ready?
Haue you ſuch confidence in my iuſt manhood:
That you dare ſo long truſt me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the tolleration of mans vertue,
Why? would you be more cruel then your iniury?
Do you firſt take pride to wrong me, & then think
Not worth your fury, do not vſe me ſo: (me
I ſhall deceyue you then: ſir, eyther draw,
And that not ſleightingly, but with the care
Of your beſt preſeruation, with that watchfulnes,
As you'd defend your ſelfe from circuler fire,
Your ſins rage, or her Lord, this will require it,
Or you'le be too ſoone loſt for I'ue an anger
Has gathered mighty ſtrength againſt you: mighty;
Yet you ſhall find it honeſt to the laſt,
Noble and Fayre.
Col. I'le ventur'te once agen.
And if't be but as true, as it is wondrous,
I ſhall haue that I come for; Your leaue Gent.
1. If he ſhould doo't indeed, & deceiues al now:
Stay, by this hand he offers; fights yfaith.
Fights: by this light he fights ſir.

2. So me thinkes ſir.
1. An abſolute Punto: hey.
2. 'Twas a Paſſado ſir.
1. Why let it paſſe, and 't was, I'me ſure, t' was ſomwhat,
Whats that now.
2. Thats a Punto.
1. O goe to then,
I knew 'twas not farre off: What a worlds this?
Is coward a more ſtirring meat then baſtard, my Maſters?
Put in more egges for ſhame when you get children,
And make it true Court cuſtard. --Ho? I honor thee:
Tis right and fayre, and he that breathes againſt it,
He breathes againſt the iuſtice of a man,
And man to cut him off: tis no iniuſtice.
Thanks, thanks, for this moſt vnexpected noblenes.
Cap. Truth neuer fayles her ſeruant, ſir, nor leaues him
With the dayes ſhame vpon him.
1. Th'aſt redeemde
Thy worth to the ſame height 'twas firſt eſteemde.
Exeunt Captaine and his friends.
Col. 1. *Friend.* Alaſſe, how is it ſir: giue vs ſome hope
Of your ſtay with vs: Let your ſpirit bee ſeene
Aboue your fortune, the beſt fortitude
Ha's been of Fate ill friended: Now force your Empire,
And raigne aboue your bloud, ſpite of deiection,
Reduce the Monarchie of your abler mind,
Let not fleſh ſtreighten it,
Col Oh, iuſt Heauen has found me,
And turnde the ſtrings of my too haſty Iniuries
Into my owne bloud, I purſude my ruine,
And vrgde him paſt the patience of an Angell.
Could mans reuenge extend beyond mans life:
This would ha' wak't it, If this flame will light me
But till I ſee my ſiſter: tis a kinde one.
More I expect not from't, Noble deſeruer:
Farewell moſt valiant, and moſt wrong'd of men, *Exeunt,*
Do but forgiue me, & I am Victor then. *led by them.*

Enter

Enter Phyſitian, Iane, Ann, Dutch Nurſe with the child.

Phyſ. Sweet Fro, to your moſt indulgent care,
Take this my hearts ioy, I muſt not tell you,
The valew of this iewell in my boſome. (you.

Nur. Dat you may vell, ſir, der can niet forſtoore

Ph. Indeed I cannot tell you, you know Nurſe,
Theſe are aboue the quantity of priſe,
Where is the glory of the goodlieſt trees
But in the fruit and branches? The old ſtocke
Muſt decay, and ſprigs, ſyens ſuch as theſe
Muſt become new ſtockes from vs to glory,
In their fruitfull iſſue, ſo we are made
Immortall on by other.

Nur. You ſpreke a moſt lieben fader, and Ick ſall do de beſt of tender Nurſes to dis Infant, my prettie Frokin.

Phyſ. I know you will be louing, here ſweet friend, *Giue.* Heere's earneſt of a large ſumme of loue and coyne, *money.* To quit your tender care,

Iane. I haue ſome reaſon too, *Gives her*
To purchaſe your deare care vnto this Infant. *money.*

Nurſ. You be de witneſſe of de Baptime, dat is, as you ſpreken: de godimother, ick vell forſtoor it ſo.

Iane. Yes, I am the bad mother: If it be offence. *Aſide.*

Ann. I muſt be a little kinde too. *Gives her money.*

Nurſ. Much tankes to you all: dis child is much belouen: and Ick ſall ſee much care ouer it.

Phyſ. Farewell good ſiſter: Show her the way forth,
I ſhall often viſite you, kind Nurſe.

Nurſ. You ſall be velcome. *Exeunt Ann and Nurſe.*

Iane. Oh ſir, what a friend haue I found in you?
Where my poore power ſhall ſtay in the requitall,
Your ſelfe muſt from your fayre condition
Make vp in meere acceptance of my will.

Phyſ. Oh, pray you vrge it not, we are not borne
For our ſelues onely, ſelfe loue is a ſinne,
But in our louing donatiues to others,
Mans vertue beſt conſiſts, loue all begets,

Without, all are adulterate and counterfeit.
Iane. Your boundleſſe loue I cannot ſatisfie,
But with a mentall memory of your vertues,
Yet let me not ingage your coſt withall,
Beſeech you then take reſtitution
Of paines and bounty which you haue disburſt
For your poore debter.
Phyſ. You will not offer it:
Doe not eſteeme my loue ſo mercenary,
To be the hyre of coyne? Sure, I ſhall thinke
You doe not hold ſo worthily of me
As I wiſh to deſerue.
Iane. Not recompence!
Then you will begger me with too much credit,
If not ſufficient, you preſerue my name,
Which I had forfeyted to ſhame and ſcorne:
Couer my vices with a vaile of loue,
Defend and keepe me from a fathers rage,
Whoſe loue yet infinite (not knowing this)
Might (knowing) turne a hate as infinite:
Sure he would throw me euer from his bleſſings,
And caſt his curſes on me: yes, further,
Your ſecreſie keepes me in the ſtate of woman:
For elſe what husband would chuſe me his wife:
Knowing the honour of a Bride were loſt,
I cannot number halfe the good you doe me,
In the conceal'de retention of my ſinne,
Then make me not worſe then I was before.
In my ingratitude, good ſir.
Phyſ. Agen.
I ſhall repent my loue (if you'le ſo call't)
To be made ſuch a Hackney, giue me coyne?
I had as leaue you gaue me poyſon (Lady)
For I haue Art and Antidotes gainſt that,
I might take that, but this *I* will refuſe.
Ian. Well you then teach me how I may requite
In ſome ſmall quantity. (you,

Phyſ.

Phyſ. 'T was that I look't for. *Aſide.*
Yes, I will tell you Lady a full quittance,
And how you may become my Creditreſſe.
Iane. I beſeech you do ſir.
Phyſ. Indeed I will Lady,
Not in coyne, Miſtris, for ſiluer though white,
Yet it drawes blacke lines: It ſhall not rule my palme
There to marke forth his baſe corruption: (
Pay me agen in the ſame quality
That *I* to you tendred, thats loue for loue:
Can you loue me Lady? you haue confeſt
My loue to you.
Iane. Moſt amply.
Phy. Why faith then,
Pay me backe that way.
Iane. How do you meane, ſir?
Phyſ. Tuſh, our meanings are better vnderſtood
Then ſhifted to the tongue, it brings along
A little blabbing bloud into our cheekes,
That ſhames vs when we ſpeake.
Iane. I vnderſtand you not.
Phy. Fie, you doe, make not your ſelfe ignorant
In what you know, you haue tane forth the leſſon
That I would read to you.
Iane. Sure then I need not,
Reade it agen, ſir.
Phy. Yes, it makes perfect,
You know the way vnto *Achilles* ſpeare,
If that hurt you, I haue the cure you ſee.
Ian. Come, y'are a good man, I do perceiue you:
You put a tryall to me, I thanke you,
Y'are my iuſt Confeſſor, and beleeue me,
I'le haue no further penance for this ſinne.
Conuert a yeare vnto a laſting euer,
And call't *Apollo's* ſmile, 'twas once el then neuer.
Phy. Pray you miſtake me not, indeed I loue you.
Iane. Indeed, what deed?

Phy. The deed that you haue done.
Iane. I cannot belieue you.
Phy. Belieue the deed then.
Iane. Away, y'are a Blackamore, you loue me?
I hate you for your loue: Are you the man
That in your painted outſide ſeem'd ſo white?
Oh, y'are a foule diſſembling Hypocrite,
You ſau'd me from a thiefe that your ſelfe might rob me,
Skin'd 'ore a greene wound to breed an vleer.
Is this the practiſe of your Phyſicke Colledge?
Phyſ. Haue you yet vtter'd all your niceneſſe forth?
If you haue more, vent it, certes I thinke
Your firſt grant was not yeelded with leſſe paine,
If 'twere, you haue your priſe, yeeld it againe.
Iane. Pray you, tell me ſir, (I ask't it before)
Is it a practiſe 'mongſt you Phyſitians.
Phy. Tuſh, thats a ſecret, We caſt al waters.
Should I reueale, you would miſtruſt my counſell:
The Lawyer and Phyſitian here agrees
To women Clients they giue backe their fees,
And is not that kindneſſe?
Iane. This for thy loue, *Spits,*
Out, outſide of a man: thou Cynamon tree,
That but thy bark haſt nothing good about thee
The Vnicorne is hunted for his horne,
The reſt is left for carion: Thou falſe man,
Tha'ſt fiſht with ſiluer hookes and golden baites:
But I'le auoyde all thy deceiuing ſleights.
Phyſ. Doe what you liſt, I will do ſomthing too:
Remember yet what I haue done for you,
Y'aue a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged.
Ere you grow old: old men will deſpiſe you:
Think on your Grandam *Helen* the faireſt Queen
When in a new glaſſe ſhe ſpyed her old face:
Shee (ſmiling) wept to thinke vpon the change,
Take your time, y'are craz'd, y'are an apple ſalne
From the tree, if you be kept long, you'le rot.

Stu-

Study your anſwere well, yet I loue you.
If you refuſe I haue a hand aboue. *Exit Phyſ.*
Iane. Poyſon thy ſelfe, thou foule Empoyſoner:
Of thine owne practique drinke the *Theorie.*
What, a White Diuill haue I met withall?
What ſhall I doe? What do? i'ſt a queſtion?
Nor ſhame, nor hate, nor feare, nor luſt, nor force
(Now being too bad) ſhall euer make mee worſe,
Enter Anne.
What haue we here? a ſecond ſpirit.
Anne. Miſtreſſe,
I am ſent to you. *Iane.* Is your meſſage good?
Anne. As you receyue it, my brother ſent me,
And you know he loues you.
Iane, I heard ſay ſo;
But 'twas a falſe report.
Anne. Pray, pardon me, I muſt doe my meſſage,
Who liues (commanded) muſt obey his Keeper.
I muſt perſwade you to this act of woman.
Iane. Woman! of Strumpet
Anne. Indeed of Strumpet,
He takes you at aduantage of your fall,
Seeing you downe before.
Iane. Curſe on his fained ſmiles.
An. Hee's my brother Miſtreſſe, & a curſe on you
If ere you bleſſe him with that curſed deede,
Hang him, poyſon him, he held out a Roſe,
To draw the yeelding ſence, which come to hand
He ſhifts, and giues a canker.
Iane. You ſpeake well yet.
Anne. I, but Miſtreſſe, now I conſider it,
Your reputation lyes at his mercy,
Your fault dwels in his breſt, ſay, he throw it out,
It will be knowne, how are you then vndone?
Thinke on't, your good name, and they are not to be ſolde,
In euery market, a good name's deare,
And indeed more eſteemed then our actions,

By

By which wee ſhould deſerue it.
Iane. Aye me moſt wretched.
Anne. What? doe you ſhrinke at that?
Would you not weare one ſpot vpon your face,
To keepe your whole body from a leproſie,
Though it were vndiſcouerd euer, hang him,
Feare him not. Horſeleeches ſucke out his corrupt bloud,
Draw you none from him, leſſe it be pure and good.
Iane. Do you ſpeake your ſoule?
Anne. By my ſoule doe I.
Iane. Then yet I haue a friend; but thus exhort me,
And I haue ſtill a collumbe to ſupport me. (forgot,
Anne. One fault Heauen ſoone forgiues, and tis on earth
The Moone her ſelfe is not without one ſpot. *Exeunt.*

Scena 3. *Enter the Lady Ager, meeting one of her ſeruants.*

Lady. Now ſir, where is he? ſpeake, why comes he not?
I ſent you for him; bleſſe this fellowes ſences:
What has he ſeene? a ſoule nine houres entranceſt,
Houering twixt hell and heauen, could not wake gaſtlier,
Enter Seruant.
Not yet returne an anſwere? What ſay you ſir?
Where is he?
2. *Ser.* Gon?
Lady. What ſayſt thou?
2. *Ser.* He is gone Madame.
But as we heard, vnwillingly hee went
As euer bloud enforc't. *La.* Went, whether went he?
2 *Ser.* Madam, I feare, I ha ſaid too much already.
La. Theſe men are both agreed, ſpeake, whether went he?
2. *Se.* Why to--I would you'd thinke the reſt your ſelfe (Madame.
Lady. Meeke Patience bleſſe me.
2. *Ser.* To the field.
1. *Ser.* To fight, Madame.
Lady. To fight!
1. *Ser.* There came two vrging Gentlemen,
That cal'd themſelues his ſeconds, both ſo powerfull,
As tis reported they preuailde with him,
With little labour.

Lady

La. O hees loſt, hees gone,
For all my paines, hee's gone; two meeting torrents
Are not ſo mercileſſe as their two rages,
Hee neuer comes agen,---wretched affection!
Haue I belied my faith? iniur'd my goodnes?
Slaunderd my honour for his præſeruation?
Hauing but onely him: and yet no happier.
Tis then a iudgment plaine, truths angrie with mee,
In that I would abuſe her ſacred whiteneſſe,
For any wordly temporall reſpect:
Forgiue me then thou glorious womans vertue,
Admir'd where ere thy habitation is,
Eſpecially in vs weake ones: Oh forgiue mee.
For tis thy vengeance this, to belie truth,
VVhich is ſo hardly ours, with ſuch paine purchaſ'd
Faſtings, and praiers, continence and care,
Miſery muſt needs enſue: Let him not dye
In that vnchaſt beliefe of his falſe birth,
And my diſgrace: VVhat euer Angell guides him,
May this requeſt be with my teares obtaind,
Let his ſoule know, my honour is vnſtaind,
Runne, ſeeke, away, if there be any hope, *Exeunt Serv.*
Let me not looſe him yet; when I thinke on him,
His deerenes, and his worth, it earnes me more,
They that know riches tremble to be poore.
My paſſion is not euery womans ſorrow,
She muſt be truly honeſt ſeeles my greeſe,
And onely knowne to One, if ſuch there bee,
They know the ſorrow that oppreſſeth mee. *Exit.*

Actus quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter the Colonels Second.. Vſher &c. with Chaugh and Trim.

Second. Truth ſir, I muſt needs blame you for a Trewant, hauing but one leſſon read to you and neglect ſo ſoone: fye, I muſt ſee you once a day at leaſt.

Chaugh. Would I were whipt Tutor if it were not long of my man *Trimtram* here.

Trim. Who, of mee?

Cha. Tak't vpon the *Trim.* *I*le giue the fiue ſhillings, as *I* am a Gentleman.

Trim. *I*le ſee you whipt firſt: well, *I* will too: faith ſir, *I* ſaw he was not perfect, and *I* was loth he ſhould come before to ſhame himſelfe.

Sec. How? ſhame ſir? is it a ſhame for Schollers to learne? Sir, there are great Schollers that are but ſlenderly read in our profeſſion: ſir, firſt it muſt be *Oeconomicall*, then *Oecumenicall*: ſhame not to practiſe in the houſe how to performe in the field: the naile that is driuen takes a little hould at the firſt ſtroke, but more at the ſecond, and more at the third, but when tis home to the head, then tis firme.

Chau. Faith *I* haue bene driuing it home to the head this two dayes.

Trim. *I* helpt to hammer it in as well as *I* could too ſir.

Sec. VVell ſir, *I* will heare you rehearſe anon, meane time peruſe the exemplary of my bills, and tell me in what language *I* ſhal rore a Lecture to you; or ile read to you the Mathematicall ſcience of Roaring.

Cha. *I*s it Mathematicall?

Sec. Oh ſir, does not the windes roare? the Sea roare? the Welkin roare? indeed, moſt thinges doe roare by nature, and is not the knowledge of theſe thinges Mathematicall?

Cha. Pray prooceed ſir. *reads his bill*

Sec. The names of the languages, the *Sclauonian*, *Parthamenian*, *Barmeothian*, *Tiburnian*, *Wappinganian*, or the moderne *Londonian*. Any man or woman that is deſirous to roare in any of theſe languages, in a weeke they ſhall be perfect, if they will take paines; ſo let 'um repaire into Holborne to the ſigne of the Cheat loafe.

Chau. Now your bill ſpeakes of that, I was wondring a good while at your ſigne, the loafe lookes very like bread iſaith, but why is it called the cheate loafe?

Second. This houſe was ſometimes a Bakers ſir, that ſerued the Court where the bread is called cheate.

Trim:

Trim. I, I, twas a Baker that cheated the Court with bread.

Sec. Well ſir, chooſe your languages: and your Lectures ſhal be read, betweene my Vſher and my ſelfe, for your better inſtruction, prouided your conditions be performed in the premiſſes beforeſaid.

Chau. Looke you ſir, theres twenty pound in hand, and twenty more I am to pay when I am allowed a ſufficient Roarer.

Sec. You ſpeake in good earneſt ſir.

Chau. Yes faith doe *I Trimtram* ſhall be my witnes.

Trim. Yes indeed ſir, twenty pound is very good earneſt.

Vſher. Sir one thing I muſt tell you belongs to my place, you are the youngeſt Scholler, and till another comes vnder you, there is a certaine garniſh belongs to the Schoole, for in our practiſe we grow to a quarrell; then there muſt be wine ready to make all friends, for thats the end of Roaring, 'tis valiant but harmeleſſe, and this charge is yours.

Chau. With all my heart ifaith and *I* like it the better: becauſe no blood comes on it, who ſhall fetch?

2. *Roar.* *Ile* be your Spanniell ſir.

Sec. Bid Vapor, bring ſome Tobacco too,

Chau. Doe and heere's mony for't. *Exit* 2. *Roarer.*

Vſher. No, you ſhall not, let me ſee the mony: ſo, *Ile* keepe it, and diſcharge him after the Combat, for your practiſe ſake you and your man ſhall roare him out on't, (for indeed you muſt pay your debts ſo: for thats one of the maine ends of Roaring) and when you haue left him in a caaſe, then *Ile* qualifie the Raſcall.

Chau. Content ifaith *Trim.* weele Roare the ruſty Raſcall out of his Tobacco.

Trim. *I* and he had the beſt Craccus in London.

Sec. Obſerue Sir, wee could now roare in the Slauonian Language, but this practiſe hath beene a little ſublime: ſome hayres breadth or ſo aboue your Caput; *I* take it for your vſe and vnderſtanding both it were fitter for you to taſt the moderne aſſault, only the Londonian Roare.

Chau. Ifaith ſir, that's for my purpoſe, for I ſhall vſe all my

roaring heere in London: in Cornewall wee are all for wraſtling, and I doe not meane to trauell ouer ſea to roare there.

Sec. Obſerue then ſir, but it were neceſſary you took forth your tables, to note the moſt difficult poynts for the better aſſiſtance of your memory.

Chau. Nay ſir, my man and I keep two Tables.

Trim. I ſir, and as many trenchers, cattes meat and dogges meate enough.

Sec. Note ſir, -- Doſt thou confront me *Cyclops*?

Vſh. With a *Briarean Brouſted*:

Chau. *Cyclops*, Trim. *Briarean*.

Sec. I know thee and thy lineall pedegree,

Vſher. It is Collateral: as *Brutus* and *Poſthumus*.

Trim. Brutus.

Chau. Poſthumus.

Sec. Falſe as the face of *Hecate*; thy ſiſter is a ---

Vſh. What is my Siſter Centaure?

Seco. I ſay thy Siſter is a Bronſtrops.

Vſh: A Bronſtrops!

Chau. Tutor, Tutor, ere you goe any further, tell mee the Engliſh of that, what is a *Bronſterops* pray.

Se. A *Bronſterops* is in Engliſh a *Hippocrene*.

Chau. A *Hippocrene*, note it *Trim.* I loue to vnderſtand the Engliſh as I goe.

Trim. Whats the Engliſh of *Hippocrene*.

Chau. Why *Bronſterops*?

Vſh: Thou doſt obtrect my fleſh and blood,

Sec. Agen, I denounce, thy ſiſter is a fructifer,

Chau. What's that Tutor?

Sec. That is in Engliſh a *Fucus* or a *Minotaure*.

Chau. A *Minotaure*:

Chau. A *Fucus*.

Vſh. I ſay thy mother is a *Callicut*, a *Panagron*, a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus*.

Sec. Diſlocate thy *Bladud*.

Vſh. Bladud ſhall coniure, if his Dæmons once appeare,

Enter 2. *Roarer with Wine, and* Vapor *with Tobacco*.

Sec. Aduance thy reſpondency.

Chau.

Chau. Nay good gentleman, doe not fall out, a cup of wine quickly *Trimtram.*

Vſh. See my ſteele hath a glifter,

Chau. Pray wipe him, and put him vp againe good Vſher.

Vſh. Sir at your requeſt I pull downe the Flag of defiance.

Sec. Giue me a boule of Wine my fury ſhall bee quencht, heere Vſher.

Vſh. I pledge thee in good friendſhip.

Chau. I like the concluſion of Roaring very well ifaith.

Trim. It has an excellent concluſion indeed, if the Wine be good, alwayes prouided.

Seco. O the wine muſt be alwayes prouided be ſure of that.

Vſh. Elſe you ſpoyle the concluſion, and that you know crownes all.

Chau. Tis much like wreſtling ifaith: for wee ſhake hands ere we begin: now thats to avoid the Law, for then if hee throw him a furlong into the grownd, hee cannot recouer himſelfe vpon him, becauſe twas done in cold friendſhip.

Seco. I beleeue you ſir.

Chau. And then we drinke afterwards, iuſt in this faſhion, wreſtling and Roaring are as like as can bee ifaith, euen like long ſword and halfe pike.

Sec. Nay they are reciprocall if you marke it, for as there is a great Roaring at Wreſtling: ſo there is a kinde of wreſtling and contention at Roaring.

Chau. True ifaith, for I haue heard 'um roare from the ſixe windmilles to *Iſlington*: thoſe haue beene great falls then.

Ser. Come, now a briefe reherſall of your other dayes leſſon, betwixt your man and you, and then for to day wee break vp ſchoole.

Chau. Come, *Trimtram*; if I be out Tutor, Ile be bold to looke in my tables, becauſe I doubt I am ſcarſe perfect.

Ser. Well, well, I will not ſee ſmall faults

Chau. The wall,

Trim. The wall of mee, to thy kennell ſpannell,

Chau. Wilt thou not yeeld precedencie?

Trim. To thee, I know thee and thy broode

Chau. Know'ſt thou my brood, I know thy broode to,

thou art a Rooke;

Trim. The nearer a kinne to the Chaughes?

Chau. The Rookes a kin to the Chaughes?

Ser. Verie well maintain'd,

Chau. Dungeoer, thou lieſt,

Trim. Lie, enucleate the kernell of thy ſcabberd,

Chau. Now if I durſt draw my ſword, twere valiant yfaith.

Seco. Draw, draw, howſoeuer,

Chau. Haue ſome wine readie to make vs frends I pray you,

Trim. Chaugh, I will make thee flie and roare,

Chau. I will roare if thou ſtrik'ſt me,

Seco. So tis ynough, now conclude in wine, I ſee you will proue an excellent practiſioner: wondrous well perform'd on both ſides:

Chau. Heere *Trimtram* I drinke to thee.

Trim. I'le pledge you in good friendſhip,

Enter a Seruant.

Is there not one Maiſter *Chaugh* heere,

Vſh. This is the Gentleman ſir;

Seru. My maiſter, ſir, your elected father in law, deſires ſpeedyly to ſpeake with you:

Cha. Friend I will follow thee, I would thou hadſt come a little ſoner, thou ſhouldeſt haue ſeene Roring ſport yfaith,

Seru. Sir Ile returne that you are following, *Exit ſeruant*

Chau. Doe ſo: *Ile* tell thee *Tutor*, *I* am to marry ſhortly, but I will deferre it a while till I can roare perfectly, that I may get the vpper hand of my wife on the wedding day, 'tmuſt be done at firſt or neuer.

See. 'Twill ſerue you to good vſe in that ſir.

Cha. How lik'ſt thou this Whiſler?

Vap. very valiantly ifaith ſir,

Cha. Tuſh, thou ſhalt ſee more by and by.

Va. *I* can ſtay no longer indeed ſir, who paies mee for my Tobocco?

Cha. How, pay for Tobacco, away ye ſootie mouth'd piper: you ruſtie piece of Martlemas bacon, away.

Trim. Let me giue him a Marke for't.

Chau. No *Trimtram*, doe not ſtrike him, weele onely

roare

roare out a curſe vpon him.

Trim. Well, doe you begin then,

Chau. May thy Roule rot, and thy pudding drop in pieces, being ſophiſticated with filthy vrine.

Trim. May Serieants dwell on either ſide of thee, to fright away thy two penny cuſtomers.

Cha. And for thy penny ones, let them ſucke thee drie.

Trim. VVhen thou art dead, maiſt thou haue no other ſheets to be buried in but mouldie Tobacco leaues.

Cha. And no ſtrawings to ſticke thy Carkas, but the bitter ſtalkes.

Trim. Thy mourners, all greazie Tapſters,

Cha. VVith foule Tobacco pipes in their hats in ſtead of rotten Roſe mary: and laſt of all may my man and *I* liue to ſee all this perform'd and, to piſſe reeking euen vpon thy graue.

Trim. And laſt of all for mee, let this Epitaph bee remembred ouer thee.

Here coldly now within is laid to rot,
A man that yeſterday was piping hot:
Some ſay he died by pudding, ſome by pricke,
Others by role and ball, ſome leaſe, all ſticke
Faſt in cenſure, yet thinke it ſtrange and rare,
(He 'ud by ſmoake, yet died for want of ayre)
But then the Surgeon ſaid when he beheld him,
It was the burning of his Pipe *that kild him.*

Chau. So, are you paid now *whiſter?*

Vap. All this is but ſmoake out of a ſtinking Pipe,

Chau. So, ſo, pay him now *Vſher.*

Sec: Doe not hereafter ſo neglect your ſchooling *M. Chaugh.*

Cha. Call me Rooke if *I* doe. Tutor.

Trim. And me Raven, though my name be *Trimtram.*

Cha. Farewell Tutor.

Trim Farewel *Vſher.*

Sec. Thus when the Drum's vnbraſt, and Trumpet ceaſe,
Soldiers muſt get pay for to liue in peace. *Exeunt*

Ætna, 2. *Enter the Colonels Siſter, meeting the Surgeon.*

Siſt. Oh my moſt worthy brother, thy hard fate 'twas:
Come hither honeſt *Surgeon*, and deale faithfully

With a diſtreſſed Virgin: what hope is there?

Surg. Hope, *Chillis* was ſcapt miraculouſly Lady.

Siſt. Whats that ſir.

Surg. Cana vena: I care but little for his wound 'ith *Orſophag*, not thus much truſt mee, but when they come to *Diaphragma* once, the ſmall *Inteſtines*, or the *Spynall Medull*, or i'th Rootes of the *Emunctories* of the noble parts, then ſtraight *I* feare a *Syncope*; the flankes retyring towards the backe, the *Vrine* bloody, the Excrements *purulent*, and the *Dolour* pricking or pungent.

Siſt. Alaſſe I'me nere the better for this anſwer.

Surg. Now I muſt tell you his principal *Dolour* lies i'th region of the Liuer, and theres both inflamation and *Turmafaction* feard, marry *I* made him a *Quadragular plumation*, where *I* vſde *Sanguis Draconis*, by my faith, with powders *incarnatiue*, which *I* temperd with oyle of *Hypericon*, and other liquors mundificatiue.

Siſt. Pox a your Mundies ſigatiues, *I* would they were all fired,

Surg. But *I* purpoſe Lady to make an other experiment at next dreſſing with a *Sarcotricke medicament*, made of *Iris* of Florence. Thus *Maſticke*, *Calaphena*, *Apopanax*, *Sacrocolla*:

Siſt. Sacro-halter, what comfort is i'this to a poore Gentlewoman; pray tell me in plaine tearmes what you thinke of him?

Sur. Marry in plaine tearms I know not what to ſay to him, the wound *I* can aſſure you enclines to *Paraliſme*; and I find his body *Cacochimicke*: being then in feare of Feuer and inflamation, *I* nouriſh him altogeither with *Viands refrigerating* and giue for potion the iuyce of *Sauicola*, diſſolu'd with water *Cerefolium*: *I* could doe noe more Lady, if his beſt *Guiquimos* were diſſeuered. *Exit.*

Siſt. What thankeleſſe paines does the tongue often take,
To make the whole man moſt ridiculous:
I come to him for comfort, and he tyres me
Worſe then my ſorrow, what a pretious good
May be deliuered ſweetly in few words:
And what a mount of nothing ha's he caſt forth.

Alaſſe

Alaſſe his ſtrength decaies: how cheere you ſir,
My honourd Brother?

Celo. In ſoule neuer better...
I feele an excellent health there, ſuch a ſtoutnes,
My inuiſible enemy flies mee, ſeeing me armde
With penitence and forgiuenes, they fall backward,
VVhether through admiration, not imagining
There were ſuch armory in a Souldiers ſoule,
As pardon and repentance: or through power
Of ghoſtly valour? but I haue bene Lord
Of a more happy conqueſt in nine howers now,
Then in nine yeares before: Oh kinde *Lieftenants*
This is the onely war we ſhould prouide for,
VVhere he that forgiues largeſt & ſighes ſtrongeſt,
Is a tride Soldier, a true man in deed,
And wins the beſt field, makes his owne heart bleed.
Read the laſt part of that *Will* ſir.

1 *Liefetenant reads.*

I alſo require at the hands of my moſt beloued Siſter, whom *I* make full Executrix, the diſpoſure of my body in buriall at S. *Martins* i'th field: and to cauſe to be diſtributed to the poore of the ſame pariſh, forty Marke, and to the Hoſpital of maymed Souldiers a hundred: laſtly I giue and bequeath to my kinde, deare and vertuous ſiſter, the full poſſeſſion of my preſent eſtate in riches, whether it be in Lands, Leaſes, Money, Goods, Plate, Iewels, or what kind ſoeuer, vpon this condition following, that ſhee forthwith, tender both her ſeiſe and all theſe Infeoffments, to that noble Captaine my late Enemy Captaine *Ager*.

Siſt. How ſir?

Celo. Read it againe ſir, let her heare it plaine.

Siſt. Pray ſpare your paines ſir, tis too plaine already.
Good ſir, how doe you, is your memory perfect?
This Will makes queſtion of you: *I* beſtowde
So much griefe and compaſſion a your wound,
I neuer look't into your ſences *Epilepſie*:
The ſickenes and infirmity of your iudgement
Is to be doubted now, more then your bodies,

Why is your loue no dearer to mee ſir,
Then to diſpoſe me ſo vpon the man,
Whoſe furie is your bodies preſent torment?
The Author of your danger? one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice, doe you not feele
His wrath vpon you? *I* beſeech you ſir,
Alter that cruell article.

Colo. Cruell ſiſter? (forgiue me naturall loue)
I muſt offend thee, ſpeaking to this woman, am I content,
Hauing much kindred, yet to giue thee all,
(Becauſe in thee *I* de raiſe my meanes to goodneſſe)
And canſt thou proone ſo thankleſſe to my bounty,
To grudge my ſoule her peace? is my intent
To leaue her rich, whoſe onely deſire is
To ſend me poorer into the next world,
Then euer Vſurer went, or politicke Statiſt?
Is it ſo burdenſome for thee to loue
VVhere *I* forgiue? Oh wretched is the man
That buildes the laſt hopes of his ſauing comforts
Vpon a womans charity? hees moſt miſerable,
If it were poſſible, her obſtinate will
VVill pull him downe in his midway to heauen,
I ue wrongd that worthy man paſt recompence,
And in my anger robd him of faire fame:
And thou the faireſt reſtitution art
My life could yeeld him: if I knewe a fairer,
I de ſet thee by and thy vnwilling goodnes,
And neuer make my ſacred peace of thee:
But theres the cruelty of a fate debard,
Thou art the laſt, and all, and thou art hard.

Siſt. Let your grieu'd heart hold better thoughts of mee,
I will not proue ſo ſir, but ſince you enforce it,
VVith ſuch a ſtrength of paſſion Ile performe,
VVhat by your will you haue inioynd me to,
Though the world neuer ſhew me ioy agen.

Colo. Oh this may be faire cunning for the time,
To put me off, knowing I held not long,
And when I looke to haue my ioyes accompliſh't,

I ſhall find no ſuch things: that were vilde coſenage,
And not to be repented,
Siſt. By all the bleſſednes,
Truth and a good life lookes for, I will doo't ſir,
Colo. Comforts reward you for't, when ere you grieue,
I know if you dare ſweare I may believe. *Exeunt*

Enter Captaine Ager. *Scena, 3.*

Cap. No ſooner haue I entrance i'this houſe now,
But all my ioy falls from mee, which was wont
To be the ſanctuary of my comforts:
Me thought I lou'd it with a reuerent gladnes,
As holy men doe conſecrated Temples
For the Saints ſake, which *I* believ'd my mother,
But prou'd a falſe faith ſince, a fearefull hereſie,
O who'de erect th'aſſurance of his ioyes
Vpon a womans goodnes? whoſe beſt vertue,
Is to commit vnſeene, and higheſt ſecretie,
To hide but her owne ſin, ther's their perfection,
And if ſhee be ſo good, which many faile of to,
When theſe are bad, how wondrous *Ill* are they,
What comfort *I'ſt* to fight, win this dayes fame,
When all my after dayes, are lamps of ſhame,

Enter the Lady Ager,

Bleſſings bee firme to me, hee's come tis hee,
A ſurgeon ſpeedily;
Cap. A ſurgion? why maddam,
Lady. Perhaps you'le ſay tis but a little wound
Good to preuent a Danger: quick, a ſurgeon,
Cap. Why maddam,
Lady. I, I, thats all the fault of valiant men,
Theile not be knowne a their hurts till their paſt helpe,
And then to late they wiſh for't:
Cap. Will you heare mee.
La. Tis no diſparagement, to confeſſe a wound,
I'm glad ſir tis no worſe, a ſurgeon quickly,
Capt. Maddam,
Lady. Come, come ſir, a woun'ds Honorable,
And neuer ſhames the wearer,

Cap. By the *Iuſtice*
I owe to honour, *I* came of vntouch't,
Lady. I'de rather beleeue that;
Cap. You beleeue truth ſo,
Lady. My teares preuaile then, welcome, welcome ſir,
As peace and mercy to one new departed,
Why would you goe though, and deceiue me ſo,
When my aboundant loue tooke all the courſe
That might be to preuent it, *I* did that,
For my affections ſake, goodnes forgiue me for't,
That were my owne lifes ſafety put vppon't,
Ide rather dye then doo't, thinke how you vſd me then,
And yet would you goe, and hazard your ſelfe too,
Twas but vnkindly done.
Capt. Whats all this Madame?
Lady. See then how raſh you were and ſhort in wiſedome,
Why wrong my faith *I* did, ſlanderd my conſtancy,
Belyed my truth, that which few Mothers will,
Or fewer can, I did, out of true feare
And louing care, onely to keep thee heere.
Capt. I doubt *I* am too quick of apprehenſion, now
And that's a generall fault, when we heere ioyfully,
With the deſire of longing fort, *I* aske it:
Why? were you neuer falſe,
Lady. May death come to me,
Before Repentance then?
Capt. I heard it plaine ſure,
Not falſe at all?
Lady. By the reward of truth,
I neuer knew that deed
That claimes the name on't.
Capt. May then that glorious reward you ſwore by,
Be neuer failing to you, all the bleſſings
That you haue giuen me ſince obedient cuſtome
Taught me to kneel & aske 'um, are not valuable
With this immaculate bleſſing of your truth:
This is the Palme to victory,
The Crowne for all deſerts paſt, and to come,

Let

Let 'em be numberleſſe, they are rewarded,
Already they'r rewarded: bleſſe this frame
I feele it much too weake to beare the ioy on't.
Lady. Riſe Sir,
Capt. O pardon me---
I cannot honor you too much, too long,
I kneele not onely to a Mother now,
But to a woman that was neuer falſe,
Yeare deare, and yeare good too: *I* thinke a that,
What reuerence doe's ſhe merit tis fit ſuch
Should be diſtinguiſht from the proſtrate ſexe,
And what diſtinction properer can be ſhowne,
Then honor done to her that keepes her owne,
Lady. Come ſir, *Ile* haue you riſe,
Capt. To doe a deed then, *riſes.*
That ſhall for euer raiſe me: O my glory,
Why this, this is the quarrell that *I* lookt for,
The tother but a ſhift to hold time play,
You ſacred miniſters of preſeruation,
For Heauens ſake ſend him life,
And with it mighty health, and ſuch a ſtrength,
May equal but the cauſe, I wiſh no foule things,
If life but glow in him he ſhall know inſtantly
That I'me reſolud to call him to accompt for't.
Lady. Why harke you ſir,
Cap. I bind you by your honor, Madame,
You ſpeake no hindernce too't,
Take heed, you ought not
Lady. What an vnhappines haue I in goodnes,
'Tis euer my deſire to intend well
But haue no fortunate way in't, for all this
deſerue *I* yet no better of you: but to be greeud agen?
Are you not well with honeſt gaine of fame,
With ſafety purchaſd, will you needs tempt a ruine,
That auoyds you? *Exit Lady.*
Capt. No y'aue preuaild: things of this nature ſprung,
When they vſe action muſt vſe little tongue.
Now ſir, the newes?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Sir theres a gentlewoman,
Desires some conference with you.
Capt. How, with me?
A Gentlewoman? what is she?
Serv. Her attendant
Deliuered her to be the *Colonels* Sister.
Capt. Oh for a storme then,
'Lasse poore vertuous Gentlewoman,
I wil indure her violence with much pitty,
She comes to ease her heart good noble soule,
Tis ee'ne a charity to release the burden,
Were, not that remedy ordaind for weomen,
Their hearts would neuer hold three yeares together,
And heere she comes, *I* neuer markt so much of her.

Enter the Colonels Sister.

That face can be the mistris of no anger
But *I* might very wel indure a month me thinks,
I am the man speake Lady, *I*le stand faire.
Sist. And *I*me enioynd by vow to fall thus low, *She kneeles.*
And from the dying hand of a repentant
Offer for expiation of wrongs done you,
My selfe, and with my selfe all that was his,
Which vpon that condition was made mine,
Being his soules wish to depart absolute man,
*I*n life a soldier death a Christian.
Capt. Oh Heauen has toucht him nobly, how it shames
My vertues slow perfection: rise deere brightnes,
I forget manners too, vp matchlesse sweetnesse,
Sist. *I* must not sir, there is not in my vow
That liberty, *I* must be receiu'd first,
Or all denyed, if either, *I* am free,
Cap. He must be without soule should deny thee,
And with that reuerence *I* receiue the guist,
As it was sent me, worthy Colonel,
Has such a conquering way i'th blest things,
Who euer ouercomes, he only wins. *Exit.*

Hem within

Enter Captaine Alba, A Baud and a Whore

Baud. Harke of these hard-hearted Blood-hounds: these Butchers are eene as mercilesse as their Dogges, they knocke downe a womans fame, eene as it walkes the Streets by 'um.

Whor. And the Captaine here that should defend vs walkes by like Iohn of the Apple loft.

Capt. What for interiections *Prisse*? *Hem, Quax, Vah:* let the Carnifexes scoure their throates: thou knowest there is a Curse hange ouer their bloody heads, this yeare there shall be more Butchers Prickes burnt then of all trades besides.

Baud. I doe wonder how thou camest to be a Captaine.

Capt. As thou camest to be a Baud *Meg.* and *Prisse* to be a Whore, euery day one by their deserts.

Baud. Baud and Whore? out you vnprofitable taskall, hast not thou beene at the new play yet, to teach thee better manners: truly they say they are the finest Players, and good speakers of Gentlewomen of our qualitie: Baud and Whore is not mention'd amongst 'um, but the handsomest narrow-mouth'd names they haue for vs that some of them may serue as well for a Lady, as for one of our Occupation.

Whor. Prithee Patronesse, lets go see a peece of that Play: if we shall haue good words for our money, 'tis as much as we can deserue yfaith.

Baud. I doubt 'tis too late now, but a nother time Seruant.

Capt. Lets go now sweetface I am acquainted with one of the *Pantominicks*, the *Bulchins* will vse the Irish Captaine with respect, and you two shall be boxt amongst the better sort.

Whor. Sirra Captaine *Alba*, I doubt you are but white liuer'd, looke that you defend vs valiently, you know your pennance else: Patronesse, you remember how you vs'd him once?

Baud. I seruant, and I shall never forget it, till I vse him so agen: do you remember Captaine?

Capt. Mum *Meg*, I will not heare on't now.

Baud. How I & my *Amazon* stript you as naked as an Indian

Capt. Why *Meg*?

Baud. And then how I bound you to the good behaviour in the open fields.

Whor.

Whi. And then you strow'd Oates vpon his hoppers.

Capt. Prithee sweet face.

Whi. And then brought your Ducks to nibble vpon him, you remember?

Capt. Oh, the remembrance tortures me agen, no more good sweet face.

Bau. Well, lead on Sir: but harke a little.

Enter Chaugh *and* Trim.

Chau. Didst thou bargaine for ỹ bladders with the Butcher Trim?

Trim. I sir, I haue 'um here, Ile practise to swim too Sir, and then I may roare with the water at London Bridge, he that roares by lands & by water both is ỹ perfect Roarer.

Chau. Well Ile venter to swim too: if my father in Law giues me a good dowry with his daughter I shall hold vp my head well enough.

Trim. Peace, sir, heere's practise for our roaring, heere's a Centaure, and two Hippocrenes.

Chau. Offer the justle Trim. *Iustle:*

Capt. Ha? What meanest thou by that?

Trim I meane to controut thee, Cyclops.

Chau. Ile tell thee what a meanes, is this thy Sister?

Capt. How then Sir?

Chau. Why then I say she is a Bronsteropes: & this is a Fucus.

Whi. No indeed sir, we are both Fucusses.

Capt. Art thou military? art thou a Soldier?

Chau. A Soldier, no I scorne to be so poore, I am a Roarer.

Capt. A Roarer? *Trim.* I sir, two Roarers.

Cap. Know then my fresh water friends, that I am a Capten.

Cha What, and haue but two to serue vnder you?

Capt I am now retyring the field.

Trim. you may see that by this Bag and Baggage.

Chau. Deliuer vp thy Panagrym to me.

Trim. And giue me thy Syndicus. *Capt.* Deliuer?

Bau. I pray you Captaine be contented, the Gentlemen seeme to giue vs very good words.

Chau. Good words? if you could vnderstand 'um, the words cost twentie pound.

Bau.

Bau. What is your pleasure Gentlemen?

Chau. I would enucleate my Fructifer.

Who. what sayes he Patronesse?

Bau. He would enoculate: I vnderstand the Gentleman very pithily.

Capt. Speake are you Gentile or Plebeyan can you giue Armes?

Chau. Armes? I sir you shall feele our Armes presently.

Trim. Sault you the Women, I'le pepper him till he shinks a gen: I perceiue what Country-man he is, let me alone with him.

Cap. Dar'st thou charge a Captaine?

Trim. Yes, and discharge vpon him too.

Cap. Foh, tis poyson to my Country, the slaue has eaten pippins: Oh shoote no more, turne both thy Broad-sides rather then thy Poope: tis foule play: my Country breeds no poyson: I yeeld, the greate *Poole* shall yeeld on these conditions.

Chau. I haue quen one o' 'um a faire fall *Trim.*

Trim. Then thus farre we bring home Conquest: follow me Captaine, the Cyclops doth command.

Chau. Follow me *Tweaks*, the Centaure doth command.

Bau. Any thing sweet Gentleman, wilt please you to lead to the Tauerne, where weele make all friends.

Trim. Why now you come to the conclusion.

Chau. Stay, *Trim*; I haue heard your *Tweakes* are like your Mermaydes, they haue sweet voyces to entice the passengers: lets haue a song, and then weele sett 'um at liberty.

Trim. In the commendation of Roaring, not else Sir.

Chau. I, in the commendation of Roaring.

Bau. The best we can Gentlemen

Sing Baud.

Then heere thou shalt reigne
Beth Captaine and Commander
That name was neuer thine,
But Apple-Squire and Pander.
And hencefurth will we grant,

In pillage or in monies,
In clothing or prouant,
Whatere we get by Conies:
With a hone, a hone, a hone,
No Cheaters nor Deceyes,
Shall haue a share, but alone
The brauest Roaring Boyes
What ere we get by Gulls,
Of Countrey or of Citty:
Old Flatcaps or young Heyres,
Or Lawyers Clarkes so witty:
By Sailors newly landed
To put in for fresh waters:
By wandering Gander-mooners:
Or muffled late night-walkers. With &c.
Whatere we get by Strangers,
The Scotch, the Dutch, or Irish:
Or to come nearer home,
By Maisters of the Parish.
It is concluded thus,
By all and euery Wench
To take of all their Coynes
And pay 'um backe in French. With &c.

Cha. Melodious *Minotaure.* *Trim.* Harmonious *Hipocrene.*
Cha. Sweet-brested *Bromsterrops.* *Trim.* Most tunable *Tweke.*
Chau. Delicious *Duplar.* *Trim.* Putrefactions *Panagron.*
Ch. Calumnious *Calicut.* *Trim.* And most singular *Sindicus.*

Pau. We shall neuer be able to deserue these good words at your hands Gentlemen.

Capt. Shake golls with the Captaine, he shall be thy valiant friend.

Cha. Not yet Captaine, we must make an end of our Roaring first.

Trim. Weele serue 'um as we did the Tobacco-man: lay a curse vpon 'um, marry weele lay it on gently, because they haue vsed vs so kindly, and then weele shake golls together.

Whe. As gently as you can, sweet Gentlemen.

Ch.

Ch. For thee, oh Pander: maist thou trudge till y damn'd soles of thy boots fleet into durt, but neuer rise into Ayre.

Trim. Next, maist thou fleet so long from place to place, till thou beest kickt out of Fleetstreet.

Chau. As thou hast liued by bad flesh, so rotten mutton be thy bane.

Trim. When thou art dead may twenty whores follow thee, that thou mayst go a Squire to thy graue.

Capt. Enough for mee sweet faces, let me sleepe in my graue

Cha. For thee old Sindicus, may I see thee ride in a Caroch with two wheeles, and drawne with one horse.

Trim. Ten Beadles running by, instead of footmen.

Chau. With euery one a whip, steed of an Irish dart.

Trim. Fortie Barbers Basons sounding before instead of Trumpets.

Ba. This will be comly indeed, sweet Gentlemen Rearers.

Trim. Thy Ruffe starcht yellow with rotten Egges.

Chau. And maist thou then be drawne from Holborne to Hounslow-Heath.

Trim. And then be burnt to Colebrook for destroying of Maydenhead.

Bau. I will study to deserue this kindnesse at your hands Gentlemen.

Chau. Now for thee little Fucus, Maist thou first serue out thy time as a Tweake, and then become a Broustrips as shee is.

Trim. Maist thou haue a reasonable good Spring, for thou art like to haue many dangerous foule falls.

Chau. Maist thou haue two Ruffes torne in one weeke

Trim. May Spiders onely weaue thy Cobweb-lawne:

Chau. Maist thou set vp in Rogue Lane.

Trim. Line till thou stinkst in Garden Allyes.

Chau. And die sweetly in Tower-Ditch

Who. I thank you for that good Sir Rearer.

Ch. Come shall we go now *Trim*, my father in law stayes for me all this while.

Trim.

Trim. Nay I'le serue 'um as wee did the Tobacco-man: I'le bury 'um altogether an giue 'um an Epitaph.

Chaugh. All together *Trim*, why then the Epitaph will be accessary to the sinne: alas, he has kept the doore all his life time, for pitty let 'um lye together in their graues.

Capt. Eeneas thou wilt *Trim.* and I thank you too Sir.

Trim. He that the reason would know let him harke,
Why these two were buried neere Marybone Parke:
These three were a Pander, a Baud, and a Whore,
That sucket many dry to the bones before
Will you know how they liued? here's they be red,
The low Countries did neuer finde 'um bred,
They liu'd by Flushing by Sluce, and the Groyne
Sickened in Fraunce, and dyed vnder the Laine.
Three letters at last commended 'um hither.
P. was the first, who cryes out for a pardon,
O craues his book, yet could not reade such a hardone,
An X, was the last which in conjunction
Was broke by Brandon, and here's the conclusion.
By three treis, three letters; these three, Pander, Baude, Whore:
Now stinke below ground, stunk long a bone before.

Chaug. So, now we haue done with you remember Roaring Boyes.

Trim. Farewell Centaure. *Chaug.* Farewell Bronsterops *Trim.* Farewell Fucus. *Exeunt Chaugh and Trim.*

Cap. Well Meg: I will learne to Roare, and still maintaine the name of Captaine ouer these Launce-presadoes,

Baud. If thou do'st not, maist thou be buryed vnder the Roaring curse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna prima.

Enter Phisitian: Iane as a Bride.

Phis. Will you be obstinate?
Iane. Torment me not,
Thou lingring Executioner to death,
Greatest disease to Nature, that striu'st by Art
To make men long a dying, your practise is
Vpon mens bodyes, as men pull Roses,
For their owne relish, but to kill the flower
So you maintaine your liues by others deaths,
What eat you then by carrion?
Phis. Fie bitternes,
Ye'ad need to candy ore your tongue a little,
Your wordes will hardly be digested els,
Iane. You can giue your selfe a vomit to returne 'em,
If they offend your stomacke,
Phis. Heere my vow
You are to be married to day.
Iane. A second torment,
Worse then the first, cause vnauoydable,
I would I could as soone annihilate
My Fathers will in that as forbid thy lust.
Phis. If you then tender an vnwilling hand,
Meet it with reuenge, marry a Cuckolde.
Iane If thou wilt marry me, Ile make that vow,
And giue my body for satisfaction
To him that should enioy me for his wife.
Phis. Go to, Ile marre your marriage.
Iane Doe, plague me so.
Ile rather beare the brand of all thats past,
In Capitall Characters vpon my Brow,
Then thinke to be thy whore or marry him.
Phis. I will defame thee euer.
Iane Spare me not.

Phif. I will produce thy Baſtard,
Bring thee to publike pennance,
Iane No matter, I care not,
I ſhall then haue a cleane ſheet, Ile weare twenty
Rather then one defil'd with thee.
Phif. Looke for Reuenge.
Iane. Purſue it fully then, out of his hate,
I ſhall purſue (I hope) a loathed fate. *Exit Iane*
Phif. Am I reiected, all my baites nibled off,
And not the fiſh caught? Ile trouble the whole ſtreame,
And choake it in the mudde, ſince hookes not take,
Ile throw in nets that ſhall or kill or breake.
This is the Bridegroomes man, harke ſir, a word.

Enter Trimtram with Roſemarie.

Trim. 'Tis a buſie day ſir, nor I need no phiſicke,
You ſee I ſcoure about my buſines.
Phif. Pray you a word ſir, your Maiſter is to bee married to day.
Trim. Elſe all this Roſemaries loſt.
Phif. I would ſpeake with your maiſter ſir.
Trim. My Maiſter ſir, is to bee married this morning and cannot be within while ſoone at night.
Phy. If you will doe your maiſter the beſt ſeruice,
That ere you did him, if he ſhall not curſe
Your negligence hereafter ſlacking it:
If he ſhall bleſſe mee for the deareſt friend
That euer his acquaintance met withall,
Let me ſpeake with him ere he goe to Church.
Trim. A right Phiſition, you would haue none goe to the Church nor Churchyard till you ſend them thither; well, if death doe not ſpare you your ſelues, hee deales hardly with you, for you are better benefactors and ſend more to him then all diſeaſes beſides.
Chan. within. What *Trimtram, Trimtram?*
Trim. I come ſir. Harke you u, you may heare him, hee's vpon the ſpur and would faine mount the ſaddle of Matrimony, but (if I can) Ile perſwade him to come to you. *Exit Trim*
Phy. Pray you doe ſir: Ile teach all peeuiſh nicenes

To

To beware the ſtrong aduantage of reuenge.

Enter Chaugh.

Chau. Who's that would ſpeake with me?

Phy. None but a friend ſir.

I would ſpeake with you.

Chau. Why ſir, and *I* dare ſpeake with any man vnder the vniuerſe, can you roare ſir?

Phy. No infaith ſir.

I come to tell you mildelie for your good,
if you pleaſe to heare me: you are vpon Marriage?

Chau No ſir, *I* am towards it, but not vpon it yet.

Phy. Doe you know what you doe?

Chau. Yes ſir, I haue practis'd what to doe before now, I would be aſham'd to be married elſe: *I* haue ſeen a *Bromſtrops* in my time, and a *Hippocreene*, and a *Tweke* too.

Phy. Take fayre heede ſir, the wife that you would marry is not fit for you.

Chau. Why ſir, haue you tried her?

Phy. Not *I* beleeue it ſir, but believe with all,
Shee has beene tryed.

Chau. VVhy ſir, is ſhe a Fructifer? or a Fucus?

Phi. All that I ſpeake ſir, is in loue to you,
Your Bride, that may be, has not that portion that a Bride ſhould haue.

Chau. VVhy ſir? ſhe has a thouſand and a better penny.

Phy. *I* doe not ſpeake of rubiſh, droſſe, and ore,
But the refined Mettle, *Honour* ſir.

Chau. VVhat ſhe wants in honour ſhall be made vp in worſhip ſir, money will purchaſe both.

Phy. To be plaine with you, ſhe's naught. *drawes his ſword*

Chau. *If* thou canſt not roare th'art a dead man, my Bride naught?

Phy. Sir, *I* doe not feare you that way, what *I* ſpeake,
My life ſhall mainetaine, *I* ſay ſhee's naught.

Chau. Doſt thou not feare me?

Phy. *I*ndeed *I* doe not ſir.

Chau. *I*le neuer draw vpon the while *I* liue for that tricke, put vp and ſpeake freely.

Phy. Your intended Bride is a whore, thats freely sir,

Chan. Yes faith, a whor's free enough, and she hath a conscience: is shee a whore? Foote *I* warrant shee has the Poxe then?

Phy. VVorse, the Plague, 'tis more incurable,

Chan. A plaguie whore? a pox on her *Ile* none of her,

Phy. Mine accusation shall haue firme euidence.
I will produce an vnauoided witnes,
A bastard of her bearing.

Chan, A Bastard? 'snailes, ther's great suspition shee's a whore then, *Ile* wrastle a fall with her father for putting this tricke vpon me as *I* am a Gentleman.

Phy. Good sir mistake me not, *I* doe not speake
To breake the contract of vnited hearts,
I will not pull that curse vpon my head,
To seperate the husband and the wife,
But this (in sooth) *I* thought fit to reueale,
(As the due office betwixt man and man)
That you might not be ignorant of your ills,
Consider now of my premonishment,
As your selfe shall please.

Chan. *Ile* burne all the Rose mary to sweeten the house, for in my conscience tis infected: has she drunke Bastard? if she would pisse me wine Viniger now nine times a day I'de neuer haue her, and *I* thanke you too.

Enter Trimtram.

Trim. Come, will you come away sir, they haue all Rosemary and stay for you to lead the way?

Chan. *Ile* not be married to day *Trimtram*, has't ere an Almanacke about thee? this is the nintenth of August, looke what day of the month 'tis. *Looke in an Almanacke.*

Trim. Tis tenty nine indeed sir.

Chan. VVhat's the word? what sayes *Bretnor*?

Trim. The word is sir, *theres a hole in her coate.*

Chan. *I* thought so, the Physition agrees with him, *Ile* not marry to day.

Trim. I pray you sir, there will be charges for new Rosemary else, this will be wither'd by to morrow.

Chan.

Chau. Make a Bon fire ont to ſweeten Roſemary Lane prethee *Trim.* entreat my father in law that might haue beene, to come and ſpeake with me.

Trim. The Bride cries already and lookes tother way, and you be ſo backward too, we ſhall haue a fine arſeward wedding on't. *Exit Trim.*

Chau. Youle ſtand to your words, ſir?

Phiſ. Ile not flye the houſe ſir, when you haue need call me to euidence. *Exit Phiſition.*

Chau. If youle proue ſhe has borne a Baſtard, Ile ſtand too't ſhee's a whore.

Enter Ruſſell and Trimtram.

Ruſſ. Why how now ſonne what cauſeth theſe delayes? All ſtay for your leading.

Chau. Came I from the mount to be confronted?

Ruſſ. How's that ſir?

Chau. Canſt thou roare old man;

Ruſſ. Roare? how meane you ſir?

Chau. Why then Ile tell thee plainely thy daughter in a *Bronſtrops.*

Ruſſ. A *Bronſterops?* Whats that ſir?

Trim. Sir if ſhe be ſo ſhe is a *Hippocrene.*

Chau. Nay worſe ſhe is a fructifer.

Trim. Nay then ſhe is a *Fucus*, a *Minotaure*, and a *Tweke.*

Ruſſ. Pray you ſpeake to my vnderſtanding ſir,

Chau. If thou wilt haue it in plaine termes: She is a *Callicut*, and a *Panagron.*

Trim. Nay then ſhe is a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus.*

Ruſſ. Good ſir, ſpeake Engliſh to me.

Chau. All this is Corniſh to thee, I ſay thy Daughter has drunke Baſtard in her time.

Ruſſ. Baſtard you doe not meane to make her a whore?

Chau. Yes but I doe, if ſhee make a foole of me, Ile nere make her my wife, till ſhe haue her maidenhead agen;

Ruſſ. A whore? I doe defie this Callumnie.

Chau. Doſt thou? I defie thee then.

Trim. Doe you ſir, then I defie thee too, fight with vs both at once in this quarrell if thou dareſt.

Chan. I could haue had a whore at Plimouth.

Trim. I or at Perin.

Chan. I or vnder the Mount.

Trim. Or as you came, at Euill.

Chan. Or at Hoc-kye hole in Somerſetſhire.

Trim. Or at the hanging ſtones in Wiltſhire.

Chan. Or at Maidenhead in Barkſhire: and did I come in by Maidenhead to goe out by Staines? Oh that man woman or childe, would wraſtle with me for a pound of patience.

Ruff. Some thiefe has put in poyſon at your eares.
To ſteale the good name of my child from me:
Or if it be a mallice of your owne,
Be ſure I will enforce a proofe from you.

Chan. Hees a gooſe and a woodcocke that ſayes I will not proue any word that I ſpeake.

Trim. I either gooſe or Woodcocke he ſhall ſir with any man.

Chan. Phi-ſi-ti-an, *Mauz auez* Phiſitian.

Ruff. Is he the author?

Phiſ. Sir, with much ſorrow for your ſorrowes ſake,
I muſt deliuer this moſt certaine truth,
Your daughter is an honor ſtayned Bride,
Indeed ſhe is the mother to a child,
Before the lawfull wife vnto a husband.

Chan. Law, thats worſe then I told thee, I ſaid ſhee had borne a Baſtard, and hee ſayes ſhe was the mother ont too.

Ruff. I'me yet an infidell againſt all this,
And will beleeue the Sun is made of Braſſe,
The Starres of amber.

Chan. And the moone of a holland cheeſe.

Ruff. Rather then this impoſſibility, oh, heere ſhe comes,

Enter Iane and Anne.

Nay come daughter, ſtand at the barre of ſhame,
Either now quit thy ſelfe, or kill me euer:
Your marriage day is ſpoyld if all bee true.

Iane. A happy miſery, whoſe my accuſer?

Phiſ. I am that knowes it true I ſpeake,

Chan.

Chan. Yes and Ime his witnes.
Trim. And I.
Chan. And I agen.
Trim. And I agen too,
theres foure thats enough *I* hope.
Ruff. How can you witnes sir that nothing know,
But what you haue receiu'd from his report.
Chan. Muſt we not beleeue our Phiſitians? pray you thinke
I know as much as euery foole do's.
Trim. Let me be *Trimtram*: *I* pray you too ſir.
Iane. Sir if this bad man haue layd a blemiſh
On my white name: he is a moſt falſe one,
Defaming me for the iuſt denyall
Of his foule luſt, nay now you ſhall be known ſir.
An Sir *I*me his ſiſter and do better know him,
Then all of you giue not too much beliefe
To his wilde wordes, hee's oftentimes mad ſir.
Phiſ. *I* thanke you good ſiſter.
An. Are you not mad to doe this Office,
Fie vppon your malice.
Phiſ. *I*le preſently produce both nurſe and Child,
Whoſe very eyes ſhall call her mother, before it ſpeakes.
Chan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, by my troth *I*de ſpend a ſhilling on that condition to heare that, *I* thinke in my conſcience *I* ſhal take the Phiſitian in a lye if the Childe call her mother before it can ſpeake, *I*le neuer wraſtle while *I* liue agen.
Trim. It muſt be a ſhee child if it doe ſir, and thoſe ſpeake the ſooneſt of any liuing Creatures they ſay.
Chan. Baw waw, a dog will barke a Month ſooner, hee's a very puppy elſe.
Ruff. Come tell truth twixt our ſelues, heers none but friends
One ſpot a fathers loue will ſoone wipe off:
The truth and they trie my loue abundant,
*I*le couer it with all the care *I* haue.
And yet (perhaps) make vp a marriage day.
Iane. Then its true ſir, *I* haue Child.
Ruff. Haſt thou?
Well wipe thine eyes, *I*me a Grandfather then,

If all baſtards were baniſht, the Citty would be thine,
In the thickeſt terme time, well now let me alone
Ile try my wits for thee, *Richard*, *Francis*, *Andrew*,
None of my knaues within?

Enter his Seruant.

Ser. Heeres one of 'um, ſir, the Gueſts come in apace.

Ruſſ. Doe they dick? let 'um haue wine and ſugar, weele be for 'um preſently, but harke Dick.

Cha. *I* long to heare this childe ſpeake ifaith, *Trim*, *I* would this fooliſh Phiſition would come once.

Trim. *If* it calls her mother, *I* hope it ſhall neuer call you father.

Chau. No, and it do *Ile* whip it ifaith, and giue thee leaue to whip me.

Ruſſ. Run on thy beſt legges Dicke.

Ser. *Ile* be heere in a twinkling ſir. *Exit Ser.*

Enter Phiſitian, Nurſe, with the childe.

Phy. Now Gentlemen, beleeue your eyes, if not my tongue Doe not you call this your childe?

C. Phew, thats not the point you promis'd vs the child ſhould call her Mother, if it do's this month, *Ile* nere go to the roaring ſchoole agen.

Ruſſ. Whoſe childe is this Nurſe?

Nurſe. Dis Gentlemans, ſo he to me readen. *Points to the Ch.* Snailes ſhees the Phiſitians *Bronſtrops*, *Trim. Phiſitian.*

Trim. His *Fucus*, his very *Tweke*, ifaith.

Chau. A gliſter in his teeth, let him take her with a purgation to him.

Ruſſ. 'Tis as your ſiſter ſaid: you are ſtarke mad, ſir,
This much confirmes it, you haue defamed
Mine honeſt daughter: *Ile* haue you puniſht fort,
Beſides the ciuill pennance of your ſinne,
And keeping of your baſtard.

Phiſ. This is fine,
All your wit and wealth muſt not thus carry it.

Ruſſ. Sir *Chaugh* a word with you.

Chau. *Ile* not haue her ifaith, ſir, if *Trimtram* will haue her and he will let him.

Trim.

Trim. Who I, ſir? I ſcorne it, if you'l haue her, *I*le haue her too, *I*le doe as you doe, and no otherwiſe. 32

Ruff. I doe not meant to either, this onely, ſir,
That whatſoere y'aue ſeene, you would be ſilent,
Hinder not my child of another huſband,
Though you forſake her.

Chau. Ile not ſpeake a word, ifaith,

Ruff. As you are a gentleman.

Chau. By theſe basket hilts, as *I* am a youth,
A gentleman a Roarer,

Ruff. Charme your man *I* beſeech you too.

Chau. *I* warrant you ſir hee ſhall doe nothing but what *I* doe before him.

Enter Seruant with Fitzallen.

Ruff. I ſhall moſt dearly thanke you, Oh are you come,
Welcome ſonne in law: this was beyond your hope,
We old men haue pretty conceits ſometimes,
Your Wedding daye's prepard, and this is it,
How thinke you of it?

Fitz. As of the ioyfulſt
That euer welcomd me, you ſhew your ſelfe now
A patterne to all kind fathers: my ſweeteſt *Iane*,

Ruff. Your captiuity *I* mean't but as ſauce,
Vnto your Wedding dinner, now, *I* me ſute
'Tis far more welcome in this ſhort reſtraint
Then had it freely come: *Fitz.* A thouſand fold.

Iane. I like this well.

Chau. I haue not the heart to ſee this Gentleman guld ſo,
I will reueale, *I* make it mine owne caſe tis a foule caſe.

Trim. Remember you haue ſworne by your hilts.

Chau. Ile break my hilts rather then conceale, *I* haue a trick
Doe thou follow mee, *I* will reueale it, and yet not ſpeake it neither.

Trim. 'Tis my duty to follow you ſir.

Chaugh ſings. Take heed in time oh man vnto thy head,

Trim. Sings. All is not gold that gliſtereth in bed.

Ruff. Why ſir? why ſir?

Chau. Looke too't *I* ſay, thy Bride's a *Bronſterops*,

Trim. And knowes the thing that men weare in their ſlops,
Fitz. How's this ſir?
Chau. A *Hipocrene*, a *Tweke*, for and a *Fuewe*,
Trim. Let not fond loue with foretops ſo rebuke vs.
Ruff. Good ſir.
Chau. Behold a baby of this maids begetting,
Trim. A deed of darknes after the ſun-ſetting.
Ruff. Your Oath ſir.
Chau: *I* ſweare and ſing thy Bride has taken Phiſike,
Trim. This was the Doctor curd her of that Ptiſicke.
Chau. *If* you'le beleeue me *I* will ſay no more,
Trim. Thy Brides a *Tweke* as we doe ſay that roare.
Chau. Beare witnes Gentlemen *I* haue not ſpoke a word',
My hilts are hole ſtill.
Fitz. This is a ſweet *Epithalamium*,
Vnto the Marriage bed, a muſicall
Harmonius *Io*: ſir, yaue wrongd me,
And baſely wrong'd me, was this your cunning ſetch,
To Fetch me out of priſon, for euer
To marry me vnto a Strumpet?
Ruff. None of thoſe words good ſir,
Tis but a fault, and tis a ſweet one too,
Come ſir, your meanes is ſhort, lengthen your fortunes,
With a faire proffer: *Ile* put a thouſand pieces
*I*nto the ſcale to helpe her to weigh it vp,
Aboue the firſt dowrie.
Fitz. Ha? you ſay, well
Shame may be bought out at a deere rate,
A thouſand pieces added to her dowry.
Ruff. Theres fiue hundred of 'um to make the Bargaine,
I haue worthy gueſts comming and would not delude 'um,
Say: ſpeake like a Sonne to me.
Fitz. Your bleſſing ſir, we are both yours, witnes Gentlemen theſe muſt be made vp a thouſand pieces, added to a firſt thouſand for her dowry, to father that childe,
Phiſ. Oh is it out now?
Chau. For tother thouſand *Ile* doo't my ſelfe yet.
Trim. Or *I*, if my Maiſter will.

Fitz.

Fitz. The Bargaine's made, ſir, I haue the tender
And poſſeſſion both; and will keepe my purchaſe,
Chaw. Take her eene to you with all her moueables, ile weare my batchellors buttons ſtill.
Trim. So will I ifaith; they are the beſt flowers in any mans garden, next to hartſeaſe.
Fitz. This is as welcome as the other ſir,
And both as the beſt bliſſe that ere on earth,
I ſhall enioy, ſir, this is mine owne childe,
You could not haue found out a fitter Father
Nor is it baſely bred as you imagine
For we were wedded by the hand of heauen
Ere this worke was begun.
Chaw. At Pancridge, ile lay my life on't,
Trim. I'le lay my life on't too, twas there,
Fitz. Some where it was, ſir,
Ruff. Wa'ſt ſo ifaith ſonne?
Iane. And that *I* muſt haue reuea'ld to you, ſir,
Ere *I* had gone to Church with this faire groome,
But thanke this gentleman, he preuented me,
I am much bound vnto your mallice ſir.
Phi. I am aſham'd
Iane. Shame to amendment then.
Ruff. Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones,
But ſonne, a word. the latter thouſand peeces
Is now more then bargaine.
Fitz. No by my faith ſir
Here's witneſſe inough ont, 'muſt ſerue to pay my fees
Imprisonment is coſtly
Chaw. By my troth the old man ha's gul'd himſelfe, finely, well ſir, *I*le bid my ſelfe a gueſt, though not a groome, *I*le dine and dance, and roare at the wedding for all this.
Trim. So will *I* ſir, if my Maiſter does, (on't,
Ruff. Well ſir, you are welcome, but now, no more wordes
Till we be ſet at dinner for there will mirth
Be the moſt vſefull for digeſtion,
See, my beſt gueſts are comming.

Enter Captaine Ager, Surgeon, Lady Ager Colonells Sister, two friends.

Cap. Recouerd saist thou.

Surg. May *I* bee excluded quite out of Surgeons hall else, marry *I* must tell you the wound was faine to be twice Corroded, 'twas a plaine Gastrolophe, and a deep one, but *I* closed the lips on't with Bandages and Surteures, which is a kind coniunction of the parts seperated against the course of nature.

Capt. Well sir, he is well

Sur. *I* feard him *I* assure you Captaine before the Surture in the belly, it grew almost to a convulsion, and there was like to be a bloody issue from the hollow vessells of the kidnyes.

giues him money.

Capt. Theres that, to thanke thy news and thy Art together.

Sur. And if your worship at any time stand in need of incission, if it be your fortune to light into my hands, ile giue you the best.

Cap. Vncle, the noble *Colonells* recouerd,

Russ. Recouered.

Then honor is not dead in all parts Cusse.

Enter Colonell with his two friends.

1. Behold him yonder sir.

Capt: My much vnworthinesse is now found out,
Tha'st not a face to sit it.

Colo. frie. Sir yonders Captaine *Ager.*

Colo. O Lieftenant the wrong I haue done his fame,
Puts me to silence, shame so confounds me,
That I dare not see him.

Capt: I neuer knew how poore my deserts were,
Till he appeard; no way to giue requitall,
Here, shame me lastingly; doo't with his owne,
Returne this to him, tell him I haue Riches
In that abundance in his sisters loue,
These come but to oppresse me, and confound
All my deseruings euerlastingly:
I neuer shall requite my wealth in her sty,

How

How ſoone from vertue and an honord ſpirit,
May man receiue what he may neuer merit.
Colo. This comes moſt happily, to expreſſe me better,
For ſince this will was made there fell to me
The manner of *Fitz-dale*, giue h'um that too,
Hee's like to haue chardge theres faire hope
Of my ſiſters fruitfullneſſe, for me
I neuer meane to change my miſtris,
And waire is able to maintaine her ſeruant,
1. Read there, a faire increaſe ſir, by my faith,
He hath ſent it backe ſir, with new additions.
Capt. How miſerable he makes me, this inforces me
To breake through all the paſſadges of ſhame
And headlong fall,
Colo. Into my armes deare worthy.
Capt. You haue a goodneſſe
Has put me paſt my anſwers, you may ſpeake,
what you pleaſe now; I muſt be ſilent euer,
Colo. This day has ſhowen me ioyes vnualeu'd trea ſure,
I would not change this brotherhood with a monarch,
Into which bleſt aliance ſacred heauen
Ha's plac't my kinſman, and giuen him his ends
Faire be that Quarrell makes ſuch happy friends.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

A Faire Quarrel.

Has [illegible] vertue and an honor [illegible],
May man [illegible] what he may [illegible]
Cob. [illegible] most happily, to expresse [illegible],
For [illegible] was made [illegible] to me
Thermanum of [illegible] give him that too,
He's like to have [illegible] theres faire hope
Of my [illegible] for me
[illegible] to [illegible] my [illegible],
[illegible] to [illegible] maintaine her [illegible],
[illegible] Read there, a faire increase sir, by my faith,
He hath sent it back sir, with new addition.
Capt. How [illegible] he makes me, this [illegible] me
To break through all the [illegible] of [illegible]
And head long tall,
Cob. Into my armes deare worthy.
Cyt. You haue a good [illegible]
Has put me past my answers, you may speake,
what you please now, I must be silencer,
Cob. This day has [illegible] me joyes vnualeu'd trea sure,
I would not change this brotherhood with a monarch,
Into which blest alliance [illegible] heauen
Has placed my kinsman, and giuen him his ends
Faire be that Quarrell makes such happy friends.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

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